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THE PROSPECTS OF THE WAR.

THE new Commander-in-Chief of the English army has a difficult, but hopeful, task before him. If the evacuation of the Crimea by the enemy has not already commenced, it must have been delayed either for political reasons, or on account of the state of the roads. The Allies are fully prepared to harass or intercept the Russian retreat, should it take place in the autumn; but the risks and hardships of watching the hostile camp during the winter would be rewarded by the prospect of a success more brilliant and complete. Prince GORTSCHAKOFF may perhaps, at present, be strong enough to force his way against any direct opposition which can be offered to his movements. Marshal PELISSIER and his colleagues must defend Sebastopol and Balaklava: and they have not as yet received the vast superiority of force necessary to enable them to surround the enemy, and yet to meet him on equal terms at any point which he may select for a contest. The gradual advance of the right wing of the French, feeling its way towards the detachment which rests on Eupatoria, may be intended to accelerate the Russian General's retreat by menacing his communications, rather than to invest an army which is still numerous and formidable. If, however, decisive action is postponed to the spring, he may find the passage to Simpheropol and to Perekop no longer open; and in the meantime the passage of convoys and reinforcements will be every day more difficult and uncertain. Although the enemy's cavalry has probably the advantage in numbers, Prince GORTSCHAKOFF will scarcely succeed in keeping his communications open by fighting. The CZAR and his advisers may have reasons for continuing to show a bold front to the Western Powers; but a general, looking to military considerations alone, could scarcely hesitate to abandon the present theatre of war, before still heavier losses have been incurred.

The Cabinet of St. Petersburg can, however, derive little encouragement from the existing temper of its opponents. The allied nations are less than ever open to the influences of intimidation or cajolery. The capture of Sebastopol has greatly increased the favour with which the war is regarded in France; and on this side of the Channel we have passed through almost all the stages of feeling in which fickleness or uncertainty might have been expected to appear. Sir WILLIAM CODRINGTON will meet with more forbearance than his predecessors, even in the absence of brilliant successes. The original determination of the country has only been confirmed by the discovery which has been made, that the struggle may be long and laborious; for, if we feel our own burdens, we can approximately estimate those of the enemy. Popular opinion in England is often for a time mistaken, but it is neither obstinate nor incorrigible. The experience of the last two years has not been thrown away on a generation which, having grown up during a long peace, has now for the first time practically learned the seriousness and the uncertainty of war. From the first, the national instinct was sound in its conclusion, that, for the maintenance of a just quarrel, Great Britain would always find resources; and professional statesmen of all parties vainly endeavoured to check an enthusiasm with which they felt little sympathy, by pointing out the difficulties and dangers of the contest. There were no sufficient grounds for dishonourable concession; but there was abundant reason for energetic and cautious preparation. When the crisis arrived, diplomats alone were taken by surprise; yet it cannot be denied that the public feeling was careless, sanguine, and boastful. The premature rejoicings for the unprofitable triumph of the Alma found their appropriate counterpart in the panic which followed the glorious perils of Inkermann. The sufferings of the winter gave rise to some reasonable discontent and to much mischievous clamour; and the servile

Press of the Continent openly exulted over misfortunes which, though shared by the French army, and far exceeded in the Russian camp, were ostentatiously proclaimed by England alone. The mob of educated alarmists began to lament over the incompatibility of freedom with military vigour, while sounder reasoners inferred that the discovery of a defect was a ground for improvement, and not for despair. Public opinion seems now to have recovered its equilibrium, although the exceptional publicity which surrounds the English contingent to the allied forces still leads to erroneous conclusions. The results and prospects of the war are, on the whole, appreciated calmly and fairly.

The enemy suffers in prudent and dignified silence. The revelations as to the internal state of Russia which ooze out from time to time are necessarily fragmentary and uncertain, but the difficulties which the war must have already occasioned are, to a great extent, a matter of calculation. There is reason to believe that the landed proprietors are burdened with an enormous income-tax, under the name of a voluntary contribution; but the particular mode in which taxation may be imposed by the CZAR'S Government is a question of minor importance. His means of maintaining the war must be derived from internal resources; for the foreign commerce of his subjects is almost suspended, and the funds of the great European capitalists are unavailable. France has already raised thirty millions sterling for the war, and England has expended a much larger sum. Turkey and Sardinia contribute to the common cause. The expenditure of Russia, in money or money's worth, probably equals the collective outlay of the Allies. In the vast and thinly-peopled dominions of the Emperor ALEXANDER, there is nothing cheap but raw produce, consumed at the place of growth. The machinery for transit and supply is the same which is required for the cultivation of the land. Oxen cannot at the same time plough and convey the stores of an army; nor can a man be taken from his village to supply the losses of the campaign without a calculable diminution in the material wealth of the country. The teeming population of Western Europe affords no standard by which to measure the cost of a destructive war to our present enemy. The vast armies of Russia, and the reckless expenditure of their lives, are proofs, not of the wealth, but of the calculated prodigality of their rulers.

The comparison of available resources on either side furnishes the best means of estimating the prospects of the war. Down to the present time, although the successes of the Allies have been considerable and uniform, no commander has displayed that extraordinary genius which counterbalances material disadvantages. It still remains open for the strongest to win; but all the chances are in favour of the Allies. France and England are fighting at their ease, with all the sources of their power undiminished. Their commerce, their wealth, their internal prosperity are but indirectly affected by the war; and if, contrary to expectation, their forces should be found insufficient for the task which they have undertaken, they can raise, and pay, and feed new armies and new fleets. Russia has already lost half of the veteran army with which she entered on the war. The accumulations of warlike stores which had occupied a long reign have been expended or captured at Sebastopol—the fleet which had been equipped for the conquest of Turkey is destroyed. There is no reason to expect that the Emperor ALEXANDER will be able to redress the balance which the events of the campaign have turned against him. With the Euxine, the south coast of the Crimea, the Sea of Azoff, and the mouths of the Dnieper in their possession, the Allies menace all the Russian positions, while they afford scarcely any opportunity for retaliation. The enemy is partially surrounded, and, in default of an early retreat, the net will day by day be drawn closer.

Much has been said on both sides as to the expediency of the Crimean expedition. On the whole, it has been justified by the result. The peculiarity of the enterprise consisted in the fair trial of strength which it afforded. The belligerents entered on the struggle as in the old German *Holmgang*, where two enemies retired to some lonely island to fight out their quarrel without interruption. Russia had the advantage of standing on the defensive, in a great arsenal overflowing with munitions of war, and, above all, of fighting behind elaborate fortifications without incurring the ordinary disadvantages of a siege. As the place could not be invested, nor the garrison limited, the armies of the Empire might in succession be poured into the fortress; and the generals had the choice, which they exercised at Inkermann and on the Tchernaya, of assuming the offensive. On the other hand, France and England, with their command of the sea, enjoyed the inestimable advantage of communications which could not even be threatened. Less prepared than the enemy at the beginning of the enterprise, they gradually increased their means of offence. Their first batteries were silenced, but new and heavier siege-trains arrived, and the orthodox superiority of attack over defence was once more vindicated against the paradoxes of modern military theorists. It gradually became evident that the fall of Sebastopol was but a question of time; and the final assault only furnished an additional proof that, in a fair combat, the stronger party will generally win. If the relative power of the belligerents had been reversed, the Crimean expedition would have been highly imprudent. In this war especially, a trial of strength was required to correct erroneous opinions which had long prevailed from the frontiers of Germany to those of Persia. The Tartar's legend of 1854, if it had been true, would have been far more favourable to Russia than the official despatches of 1855; for we should then have attained by a sort of accident a success which we now owe to our proved and permanent superiority of force. On the whole, the cards appear to be in our favour; and while there is a strong probability that we shall win the present game, it is almost certain that we shall win the rubber.

OUR RELATIONS WITH THE UNITED STATES.

A FEW words of explanation are required before the state of our relations with the American Government can be fully understood by the public. It will be remembered that the election of Mr. PIERCE to the Presidency was secured by a compromise between the two sections into which the Democratic party had long been divided. These sections are about equally represented in the President's cabinet; and Mr. MARCY, the person who had done most to effect the coalition in Mr. PIERCE's favour, was purposely placed at the head of the Government, in order that he might, as far as possible, smooth over the differences which were known to separate the rest of the Ministers. On the other hand, Mr. CUSHING, the exponent of the more violent Democrats, was expressly relegated to the Attorney-Generalship, as being the office which afforded least scope and room for his notorious unscrupulousness on the subject of foreign policy. This well-intended arrangement has, however, only had the effect of dividing the American Cabinet into an Ultra and a Moderate party, of which the respective chiefs are Mr. CUSHING, the Attorney-General, and Mr. MARCY, the Secretary of State. For some time past, it has been perfectly well known in America that Mr. CUSHING was wishing for an opportunity of declaring his dissent from the comparatively pacific policy of his colleague; and this opportunity was unluckily afforded him by the very questionable proceedings of our own Government in respect to foreign enlistment. With the utmost promptitude he marched straight into the province of Secretary MARCY, and penned that paper of instructions to his subordinate, the District-Attorney, which has been read in England with such unqualified amazement. The success of this stroke called at once into activity that intense fear of losing personal popularity which overrides every other consideration with American statesmen. Mr. CUSHING having played his card, it became necessary for Mr. MARCY to *over-trump* it; and now it was that he doubtless wrote the despatch which the English Government could only answer by sending the Baltic fleet to the West Indies.

On the original policy of Lords PALMERSTON and CLARENDRON we say nothing at present, but we are bound to add

that the last step taken was quite unavoidable. Lord CLARENDRON's penultimate despatch having tendered all the explanations and reparations which one sovereign commonwealth is entitled to demand of another, and these offers having been contumeliously rejected, it only remained for Great Britain to reply with dignity to the insult it had received, to strengthen its defences, and to await the next move from the United States. The situation hence arising is serious enough, but still not without promise of satisfactory results. President PIERCE and Secretary MARCY will certainly allow their course to be determined by the turns of public opinion, and there is little doubt of the verdict which it will pronounce, if only the strong common sense of the American people has time to be roused. It is not an unimportant consideration that this dispute seems to have reached its climax before the fall of Sebastopol was known in America. The Americans are a nation of such tried valour, that we run no risk of appearing to make an injurious imputation when we say that their courage is tempered with prudence. In common with the rest of the world, they have been induced, by the rhetorical exaggerations of the English press, to believe that the disasters of our army have rendered us an easy prey to the first assailant. The truth on this point is beginning to be understood, and will be an element in the question when the American public considers the expediency of a wanton and unnecessary conflict with the Government—or, we would rather say, the people—of Great Britain.

OUR NEWSPAPER INSTITUTIONS.

EVERYBODY knows that the practice of Constitutions is usually at variance with their theory. DE LOLME, and the sort of people who publish Letters to Young Noblemen, will inform you that the English State-machine is drawn, as it were, by three horses arranged tandem-fashion. First comes the King, a little out of reach of the whip—the Lords follow—and then you have the Commons in the shafts, occupying the ignoble position, but endowed with a special power of upsetting the coach. Each horse takes an exact third of the draught, and no one of the three ever jibs, or shies, or turns sharp round at uncomfortable corners. Many well-meaning persons are really offended if this view is called in question, but in fact it has never ceased to be contradicted by actualities. The work has always been done by one, or, at most, two of the team. Thus, in the Plantagenet times, the Commons could hardly be got to stir at all, the Lords were generally over the traces, and the whole weight of the vehicle had to be pulled along by the Crown. More recently, CROMWELL dispensed with the two horses in front, and drove a gig, like the late Mr. WEARE. The Peers took up the work again at the Revolution; and at the present moment, the leader is kept chiefly for show, the second horse has turned incurably lazy, and all movement is attributable to the animal in the shafts.

But our metaphor, we are sorry to say, has betrayed us into the very error which we have been deprecating—the error of accepting conventionalities instead of realities. We had not the least intention of giving it to be understood that the British Empire is governed by the House of Commons, and the discrepancy of which we meant to speak is exclusively a discrepancy between the theory and practice of the Leading Journal. No apology is necessary for assuming that this country is ruled by the *Times*. We all know it, or, if we do not know it, we ought to know it. It is high time we began to realize the magnificent spectacle afforded by British freedom—thirty millions of *Cives Romani* governed despotically by a newspaper. But in truth we all know it. Among the *ci-devant* ruling classes, only the second-rate men affect to deny it. Even the direct rivals of the *Times* in the daily press impliedly admit its autocracy, though the open acknowledgment of it would be too glaring a confession of their own impotence. Each of them has a small special following of Tories, or Radicals, or old ladies, or footmen, and to these they sometimes appeal, but the greater part of their occupation consists in echoing the small cries of the *Times*. As for the weekly newspapers, they have degenerated into the toadies of the great daily journal, and if there be one form of this toadyism more ecstatic than another, it is that exhibited by the jokers of the hebdomadal press. All conversation, all action, all literature, is full of the proof that we live under a tyranny; and, except a small protesting minority, nobody seems much to mind it. Speaking comparatively, we don't much mind it ourselves. We would infinitely sooner

live under the *Times* than under the French Empire, or the American democracy. For we can still travel about without a permit—which is more than a Frenchman can do. And we can still get a glass of ale if we want it—which is a luxury illegal in America.

There is very little use in inquiring how this state of things came about. Probably the causes of which it is the result have been multifarious and contradictory. Our slavery to habit and our love of change—our worship of success and our sympathy with unprotected endeavour—our delight in hearing our own age extolled with fulsome adulation, and our fancy for reading contemporary history with a margin of murmur and a glossary of grumbling—the former dearness of newspapers and advertisements, and their present cheapness—the independence of the *Times* and its immorality—its adequacy to great questions, and its industry in hunting out infinitely small ones—the power and humour which it occasionally displays, the sham wit and counterfeit energy which it often puts off upon us—each of these has no doubt distinctly assisted in procuring for it some class of readers, or contributes sensibly to its existing influence. As a young journal, however, it is our duty not so much to trace the origin as to establish the true character of our institutions; and it is likely that we shall devote much of our time to their analysis. It is peculiarly fortunate, accordingly, that, just at the commencement of our studies, the *Times* has favoured us with a series of essays on itself. These effusions, singular in many respects, are especially curious as showing the anxiety of our diurnal rulers to adhere to an antiquated theory of journalism. Certainly, the view which they patronize had oncea foundation in practice. Half a century ago, the Editor of a newspaper wrote all the leading articles, and lived in perpetual peril from Government bribes on the one hand, and the law of seditious libel on the other. To write leading articles, to refuse bribes, and to brave the Attorney-General, are all very fine things in their way; and accordingly a host of conventional compliments, attributing these fine things to Editors of newspapers, have descended from the pre-Adamite ages to our own. Hence it is that correspondents always inform the Editor of the gratification with which they have read his able article of such or such date, although, in point of fact, he didn't write the able article. This, too, is the reason why newspapers and their editors are always fearless and independent. And yet what is the value of independence, when it is no longer worth your while to be bribed? Where is the merit of fearlessness, when neither governments nor individuals can single out the true author of the attack, and when even the Editor who sanctioned it has the modern whipping-boy—a "go-to-prison Editor"—to take the consequences in his stead?

The *Times* does not exactly assert that the old organization of newspapers continues, but it insists on a view of their arrangements as closely allied to the older one as can be propounded consistently with the comparative initiation of the public into the mysteries of journalism. The recent manifesto will have it that a daily journal, if not the labour of a single pen, is an emanation from a body of men, fused into the nearest possible approximation to unity. The most complete *solidarité* is suggested as existing between the producers of the leading articles—they have but one will, but one style, but one calibre of talent. A lively representative is provided for this mysterious entity in its Editor. He moves about in the world, and absorbs the intelligence which may be floating in the atmosphere of society; while the contributors are kept in bottles of smoke in the back-office, to be summoned forth, like the genie in the *Arabian Nights*, when their giant energies are required for service. The Editor is the polished haunter of *salons* and secret cabinets—the contributor is a man of the people, "renewed, like *ANTÆUS*, by perpetual contact with his mother-earth." The Editor is a *SOCRATES*, who picks up his wisdom in the mart and the street—the contributor is a *DIogenes*, who must keep to his tub, and not even expose himself to the temptation of an interview with *ALEXANDER*. Now, although a theory of this sort would be useful enough to the Leading Journal if people believed it, it is ridiculously false to fact. A very little common sense will show the most cursory observer that the leading articles of a great newspaper cannot be written by less than six or eight gentlemen, who, as it is, are probably a great deal over-worked for the perfect accuracy of their reasoning, and the perfect felicity of their illustrations. The power of selecting some one member of a literary staff for the treatment of

a particular topic, must of course be vested in some one person, and this it is which constitutes the unity of a newspaper. The conductors of a daily journal who should attempt to secure a closer uniformity than this, would obtain it at the cost of the most important elements of intellectual power. There is no reason to believe the *Times* when it insinuates that such a blunder is committed in its own case. It strikes us that a man must have singularly little discrimination who cannot detect a variety of hands in the articles of the Leading Journal. The writers who rule us are clearly characterized by different degrees of ability, different degrees of taste, and, we must add, different degrees of morality. As to their social position, it is an immaterial point, though the *Times* has thought fit to quarrel about it with the *Edinburgh Review*. Very possibly, the Leading Journal may have predicated quite correctly of some of its contributors, that they are periodically renewed, like *ANTÆUS*, by contact with their mother-earth; and we venture to suggest that the gentleman who commented recently on the Princess Royal's matrimonial prospects had just been renewing himself before he wrote, and had forgotten to brush the dirt off. Others, again, are no doubt gentlemen, consorting with gentlemen. Ambassadors may court them, for all we know, and Ministers may smile on them; indeed, we have no doubt that Ministers would be smiling on them all day long, if they could be quite sure they were not smiling on the wrong men—a picture not pleasant to realize.

We are not for a *loi de la signature*, which, for the excessive protection afforded by the present system, would substitute an excessive proscription. Still less would we imitate Mr. DRUMMOND in giving publicity to the names which gossip associates with the Leading Journal—a course to be avoided for this reason among others, that you may chance, like Mr. DRUMMOND himself, egregiously to mistake your man. We suggest that the existing despotism may best be mitigated by the exercise of common sense and ordinary perspicacity. We say to a confiding public—do your best to resolve the "we" into "I." Because William Jones addresses you on Monday with vigorous logic and persuasive rhetoric, do not take the conclusions of John Smith for granted, because they happen to be printed on Tuesday in the same place. Reflect that both William Jones and John Smith are gentlemen writing three times a week, be there matter or no matter, be there straw for the bricks or none. Reflect that each of them has a natural tendency to discover incompetence in public men, and untowardness in public events, for the simple reason that misfortunes and fools make the easiest possible writing. Consider, above all things, that each of your literary rulers has been selected to govern you, not for his Absolute Wisdom, but for his peppery style and his fertility of allusion. Does Absolute Wisdom necessarily accompany these qualifications? Is Absolute Wisdom exactly compressible into a column and a bit, and does it assume those dimensions not less than three times a week? Does Absolute Wisdom take pleasure in forced and far-fetched *à propos*, or does it delight in ditrochees? Alas, no! We grieve sincerely that the apophthegm of OXENSTIERN is too hackneyed to be quoted, for we suspect it is as true of the despotism of the *Times* as of all other forms of Government.

THE WAR AND THE STATE OF PARTIES.

WHILE economists and statisticians are occupying themselves with speculations respecting the derangements in our foreign commerce arising out of the present war, there is much which deserves the attention of politicians—we use the word in its higher and wider sense—in the disorganization which, from the same cause, seems to have affected the constitutional functions of the State. It has been assumed, as it strikes us, somewhat too hastily, that the Executive Government of a nation living under free institutions is incapable, from its very nature, of conducting with vigour and success the operations of war. This opinion is affirmed with such confidence, and appears to be accepted with so much facility, that one would suppose it bore on the face of it some obvious plausibility, or at least was justified by some notable examples. Yet, if historical illustrations were not always tedious, it would not be difficult to show that the most obstinate struggles have often been conducted to a successful issue by States in which the political power has been distributed in many hands, and that the most powerful and absolute princes have succumbed beneath the spirit of commonwealths.

Like most opinions, however, which have obtained a wide prevalence, this, too, is not without some colour of foundation in the present situation of English politics. No man can doubt that, if to-morrow the Emperor of RUSSIA thought it consistent with the dignity and interests of his Empire to enter upon negotiations for peace, the initiative is within his power; nor, from anything we have yet learnt, have we reason to believe that, if he chooses to continue the struggle, there are any but material obstacles to hinder him in such a course. In like manner, the lots of peace and war are folded in the absolute mantle of our Imperial ally. But, after the experience of the political dislocations of last Session, and the half-revealed projects of that which is approaching, who can be bold enough to affirm that the English Administration will at every moment have an equally free discretion, or that they will always remain masters of their own policy? It will, indeed, be said that the Government of Lord PALMERSTON has shown itself strong in popular support and triumphant majorities; and to a certain extent, no doubt, such an account of its situation may be accepted. The people of this country have embraced the war, and are prepared to sustain it to a decisive and permanent issue. It is neither necessary nor desirable to criticise just now too minutely the process of reasoning by which the present Prime Minister escaped from the trammels in which he had involved himself, in common with his former colleagues, as a party to the negotiations carried on for the last two years at Vienna. It was enough for the nation that it found in Lord PALMERSTON a Minister who was prepared to go along with it in the struggle to which it had committed itself. To that extent, and no further, does the head of the present Administration enjoy the favour of the country. It has found in him an instrument rather than a leader—he seems to be rather its servant than its chief—to have adopted, not to have dictated, a policy.

The existing situation of the Administration in the House of Commons is due to another state of things, and has been brought about by a very peculiar disturbance in the disposition of political forces. A Government of necessity is afflicted with all the infirmities of a Government of sufferance. The statesmen who are invested with power, chiefly through the default of any other possible combination, are from hour to hour threatened with the termination of that impossibility on which their tenure depends. Nor is there any situation which more bitterly mocks the reality of power than that of a Minister who tosses on the treacherous surface of a *floating* majority—now riding proudly on its crest, and now left helpless and stranded by the receding wave. But it is not on the Minister alone that the inconveniences of such a position are visited. The instability of the pilot cannot but be marked in the yawning of the vessel. A Government which to-day carries its measures by overwhelming majorities, and to-morrow is exposed to mortifying defeats, is afflicted at once by the two greatest misfortunes which can befall it—impunity and feebleness; and whilst, by the former, it is betrayed into negligence, by the latter it is condemned to indecision. For it is impossible that men should not sometimes trust too far to the fortune of which they have had frequent experience, and, at others, attempt to buy off disasters which they fear to encounter.

It was to this unfavourable lot that the Administration of Lord PALMERSTON was predestined by the circumstances of its birth and the conditions of its formation. The misfortunes, rather than the misconduct, of the ABERDEEN Cabinet, had made the sacrifice of victims as necessary to the temper of the people as was the return of spring to the health of the army. The double miscarriage of Lord JOHN RUSSELL, in throwing overboard first his colleagues and then his instructions, had removed the natural leader of the Whigs from place and power. The chief of the Tory party, while professing the utmost zeal in the cause, declined, with a timidity which it is hard to explain or to excuse, the responsibility of conducting the war. The retirement of Mr. GLADSTONE and his friends left Lord PALMERSTON still more isolated, exposed to the avowed hostility of the school of Mr. BRIGHT, and the doubtful support of Mr. ROEBUCK and the warlike Liberals. In this state of parties, Lord PALMERSTON accepted the helm which was, as it were, forced into his hands. The country applauded his courage, and majorities in both Houses of Parliament lent him their votes. None but the factious or the eccentric would have chosen such an occasion to menace even the semblance of a Government which had been with such difficulty

attained. The majority of both Houses pronounced accordingly, by decisive divisions, against the machinations of ambitious discontent. From that moment the present Administration became a political necessity; but it has not yet become a parliamentary power. The Treasury Bench, constituted as it is, would more properly be defined as a Board for carrying on the war under the direction of the House of Commons, than as a Government guiding the policy of the nation. Clothed with these limited functions, Lord PALMERSTON's Government appears to have discharged its duties with conscientious earnestness and respectable vigour. And so long as it is merely a question of reducing a fortress, or blockading a port, little more is necessary than that the executive departments should be filled by men of average ability and competent experience.

But it is evident that the time may soon arrive, and cannot in any case be very remote, when the necessities of the occasion will impose upon the chiefs of the State duties of a very different character. The moment cannot be very far distant when the attention of Government will no longer be confined to the despatching of troops, the providing of stores, or even the creation of Field Marshals—when it will be necessary to take decisions which shall either enlarge the scope of the war, or inaugurate the preliminaries of negotiation. It will be at that point that the real responsibilities of the Government will commence, and that it will need that consolidated confidence which the relations of parties have as yet withheld from it. Without this, it exposes itself and the country to the danger, on the one hand, of being drifted into an illimitable war—on the other, of being scared into a discreditable peace. The Spanish war, into which Sir ROBERT WALPOLE was forced against his better judgment, may furnish an example of the former evil; while the yet more disastrous pacifications of Utrecht and Paris, originating in the disorganization produced by intestine faction, may serve as wholesome warnings in the present conjuncture.

It is a political truism that a Government weak by the divisions of parties can neither conduct a successful war nor conclude an advantageous peace. Without disparagement to the respectable abilities of the members of the present Cabinet, it is impossible not to admit that it wants that preponderance of talent which, in a deliberative assembly, gives confidence and commands assent at a time when it becomes necessary to enunciate the broad principles of a decisive policy. We regard it as a great misfortune, not so much for the Government as for the country, that so large a portion of the higher intelligence of the House of Commons should be grouped on those neutral benches which form at once the hope of a factious Opposition and the despair of a responsible Administration. Not that we lend ear to all idle rumours of incredible coalitions. The evil which we deplore is precisely the reverse. The danger of the Government lies, not in a confederated opposition, but in a divided support. Nor let it be said that this is an inherent and essential vice of representative institutions. The truth is, that the present condition of the House of Commons is a form of Parliamentary disease which a speculative politician may regard with curiosity, but which no patriot can view without fear. The apparent and occasional unanimity of that body is only a hectic symptom of the decline of vital authority. The true and healthy growth of representative government naturally develops itself into organized parties. When such a state of things exists, the party which from time to time prevails can enforce the views which it has embraced—the policy of the country is directed with a steady hand in a definite course—and a Government dares to have and to declare a settled purpose which it knows that it can carry out. But when the materials of political power are split up into a dozen groups, which lend a precarious support while they threaten a proximate opposition, the pilot of the State must feel his way at every step with the lead, and change the ship's course to shirk the dangers which menace him at every point of the political Archipelago. The time in which we live is one which requires that a Ministry should walk boldly in the light of its own convictions, and not be compelled to grope in the dark for a policy, thinking itself fortunate if it can only escape a fatal collision. That the Government which may have to conduct the destinies of the country during the ensuing crisis may be invested with such a power, we devoutly hope; but in order that this result may be realized, a great and salutary revolution must be effected in the political—we might almost say the personal—relations of parties in the House of Commons.

THE SINEWS OF WAR.

THE state and prospects of the Money Market are regarded by some persons at the present time with considerable anxiety. Not that any one mistrusts the ultimate resources of this country, or of her powerful ally, or doubts that, if we are fully able to cope with Russia in the field, we are likely to prove still more an overmatch for her in a financial contest. But in a commercial community like our own, the degree of monetary pressure which is now felt is quite sufficient, even without regard to the contingencies of our foreign relations, to excite misgiving and apprehension. Few persons have ventured to inculpate the measures of precaution which the Bank of England, warned by the progressive decline of its bullion, has adopted; but the effect of those measures begins to be keenly felt, and the remedy, however necessary, is a sharp one. But although the Bank of England is not blamed, there is another scapegoat on which, as we know by experience, in all seasons of perplexity, the blame of financial pressure is certain to be laid—we mean the Bank Charter Act of 1844. Already, in the Chambers of Commerce at Liverpool and other places, and in the columns of various journals, the agitation has commenced; and a cry is raised for the repeal or modification of a law which, it is alleged, artificially restricts the currency of the country, and prevents relief being given to that derangement of the Money Market which admits of being simply remedied by an increase of circulation.

It will be convenient to dispose of this opinion at the outset. The public are not likely to take clear and sound views of their actual financial position, so long as they are led off on a false scent to hunt after a solution of their difficulties in the mazy region of the Currency Laws. Into an exposition of the principles and operation of the Act of 1844 it is not our present purpose, nor consistent with our limits, to enter. Such a task may become necessary ere long, if the onslaught on the Bank Act should continue; but at present we shall content ourselves with a very brief exposure of the fallacy in question.

The existing pressure arises from a scarcity of *Capital*, occasioned, as we shall presently explain, by a large and sudden absorption of the supply, both in this country and abroad. The restrictions of the Bank Act are imposed on the augmentation, beyond a certain point, of the *Currency*—of that part of it, at least, which consists of paper money. The leading object of the measure is to secure the convertibility of the Bank-note. It does this by providing that the Bank of England shall not issue notes, unrepresented by gold in its coffers, beyond a fixed maximum amount. Whether the amount thus issuable on securities has been fixed too high or too low, may be a matter of opinion—this, however, is a question of detail not material to the present purpose. The point we are now anxious to enforce is this—that a scarcity of capital is a malady not to be relieved by an increase of circulating medium. Money, which has been adopted for convenience sake as the medium of exchange, is only the representative of capital. When the supply of capital from any cause falls short, it is a natural consequence that the commodity which represents capital should undergo a corresponding diminution. If we had at this moment a purely metallic currency in England, our stock of gold and silver coin would now be running short, in like manner as our mixed metallic and paper currency at present. For under the law of 1844 the action of the mixed currency is made precisely to conform to that which would be the action of a currency composed solely of the precious metals. This conformity of action is the only principle by the operation of which the perfect convertibility, at all times, of paper money for gold can be secured. It is the cardinal principle of Sir ROBERT PEEL's Act. Now, in times of difficulty, when capital has become scarce, and money, as a natural consequence, is hard to come by, the pressure upon those classes which require capital for their operations is necessarily severe. The operations of trade are cramped, profits are greatly reduced, or even swallowed up, the necessity of raising funds compels the sacrifice of securities, and the public funds and other investments become depreciated. The parties affected by these consequences are naturally aggrieved at the position in which they find themselves. They look about to find a relief from the pressure which they suffer from, and as it frequently happens that they understand much more about the practical parts of business than about the theory of the currency, they readily enough adopt the idea that the evil which presses on them

in a sensible shape—viz., the scarcity of money—is the root and source of their difficulties, and that it needs but to increase the quantity of Bank-notes in order to afford the requisite relief. They do not perceive that the scarcity of money is the *effect* of financial difficulties, and not the *cause*; nor do they reflect that the rate of interest is simply the price paid for the use of capital, and that when capital is scarce it must naturally be dear. To attempt to make capital cheap by stamping an additional number of pieces of Bank paper, would be as sensible a project as to attempt to alter the hour of the day by moving forward the hands of the clock. With a view to the relief of commerce, such a measure would be perfectly preposterous. The only effect of resorting to it would be to induce or aggravate an adverse state of the exchanges, to cause thereby a still further efflux of bullion, to endanger the convertibility of the Bank-note, and, finally, to make the last state of things worse than the first.

Dismissing, then, as frivolous and irrelevant the suggestion, that the disorder of the Money Market is to be laid to the door of the Currency Laws, let us proceed to inquire to what causes our existing financial condition is really to be traced. One circumstance attracts attention at the outset. The Bank of France is in somewhat the same predicament as that of England. In both there has been, for some time, a steady and constant decrease of bullion. Both establishments, to preserve their gold, have been obliged to adopt the same stringent measure of a high rate of discount. The sympathy between the Money Markets of the two countries is most intimate. Whatever cause affects the one, speedily re-acts upon the other. Both these countries have been carrying on, during the last twelve months, warlike operations on a most extensive scale. It has been computed that their joint expenditure on this account, for the year, has not fallen short of 100 millions sterling. A large proportion of this amount has been taken from the floating capital of the respective communities, through the medium of loans. In England, indeed, our operations in this way have been comparatively limited. Sixteen millions, raised on terminable annuities, and five millions raised in England for Turkey, under the guarantee of the two Allied Powers, form the sum total directly subtracted from English capital. But France has drawn, with a much less sparing hand, upon the Loan Market. Her three loans, contracted during the first twelve months of the war, amount to the formidable aggregate of sixty millions sterling.

The transactions of trade in England, during the time that this large unproductive expenditure has been going on, have been steadily conducted. Our ordinary industrial operations have not, as yet, been materially checked, as our Export Tables prove. They have only been prevented from expanding as they might have done under the influence of peace. Speculative business has been to a certain extent repressed. The growth of Joint Stock Companies and new Railway undertakings has been extremely limited—our capitalists have been actuated by a salutary spirit of caution. But, on the other side of the Channel, the same degree of forbearance has not been exercised—speculation has, for some cause or other, been more than usually rife of late in France. The Bank there acts upon a system which affords much greater facilities to pecuniary enterprise than are afforded by the Bank of England; the policy of the Government has encouraged this course of action on the part of the Bank; the two great societies of the Credit Mobilier and the Credit Foncier have been actively instrumental in stimulating the employment of capital; and large investments in buildings and other speculations have combined, with the operations of the Government, to absorb a great proportion of the available resources of the nation.

The state of the food supplies in both countries forms another essential element in the question we are considering. Neither to our neighbours nor to ourselves has the harvest proved an abundant one. In England, indeed, the best information that we can obtain would lead us to conclude that the yield has been but little, if at all below the average, and that a small increase from importation will satisfy our wants. In France, the short-coming is beyond all doubt more considerable. The Government has deemed it politic to make known, through the *Moniteur*, the estimated deficiency; and in this computation it is generally supposed not to have erred on the side of excess. But evidence more cogent than the official statement is furnished by the fact, of which we are well assured, that very large purchases of corn and flour have recently been made in various foreign markets on

French account. These purchases, which are principally made in gold, must necessarily press with some severity on the money-market.

It ought, we think, to surprise no one who reflects on the natural effects of war expenditure, and of the means adopted in both countries to supply it, to find that the absorption of capital thus occasioned has lowered the value of securities and raised considerably the rate of interest, both in London and Paris, though, under the particular circumstances just stated, it might seem that those effects should have been more sensibly felt by our neighbours than by ourselves. But if the belief that generally prevails be well founded, it would appear that some part of the burden that would naturally have fallen on the Bank of France has been, by a stroke of policy on the part of that establishment, shifted, for a time at least, upon the shoulders of the Bank of England. It is generally stated and believed in commercial circles, that the Directors of the Bank of France lately gave a commission to certain parties of high standing and influence in the monetary world, to procure for them a supply of four millions sterling in gold bullion, for the purpose of replenishing the Bank coffers. Such an operation, which, in the then state of the exchanges, could not have been effected in the ordinary course of trade, could only be accomplished by a forced and abnormal expedient. To buy up all bills procurable upon London, and to discount them forthwith into cash, was a method of proceeding which, whatsoever might be its after consequences, was thought likely to answer the immediate end of increasing the stock of the bullion in the French Bank. So far the experiment appears to have succeeded: the stream has been made to flow in an artificial direction, and a vacuum has been created in London by the process which has supplied the deficiency of Paris. But the strategy thus practised appears to us very questionable in point of prudence. Unless some unforeseen circumstances should occur, such a stroke of policy must, in the natural course of things, recoil upon its authors. The time must come when the drain of bills drawn upon this country, and thus artificially forestalled, will leave France no alternative but that of paying the balances of her transactions with England by the export of bullion. The evil day will thus only be postponed. The demand may come at a crisis even more inconvenient than the present to the Bank of France, and the cost of procuring the present temporary relief would, in that event, be a loss superadded to the other embarrassments of that establishment.

As regards the ulterior prospects of the English money-market, we are unable to perceive in the present aspect of affairs any cause for despondency, though, on the other hand, there is ample occasion for vigilance and prudence. Our trade is sound, our revenue well-sustained, and there are circumstances which lead us to believe an increase in our present stock of the precious metals a more probable event than a further diminution of it. We do not indeed anticipate, so long as the present war-expenditure continues, a low rate of interest or a high price of public securities. The unproductive absorption of capital must, as it goes on, tell upon the operations of trade: to expect otherwise would be irrational. The capital of the country cannot serve two purposes at once—the same funds cannot be at the same time employed here and spent abroad. The trading classes must bear to see their operations cramped and their profits lessened without throwing the blame of their losses upon the Currency Laws. Above all, the exigency of the times will demand from those who are charged with the administration of the public finances, a high degree both of circumspection and courage. The tempting facility of raising the supplies for war by loan must not blind them to the tendency of that system to produce a deranged monetary condition, and to dry up the springs of commerce. At the risk of encountering some murmuring and discontent, they must abstain as far as possible from encroaching upon the productive capital of the country, which sustains trade and affords employment to industry, and they must regard it as their sacred duty, at whatever present sacrifice, to preserve the perennial sources of national wealth from being diverted or impaired.

RESPECTABILITY.

A N eloquent and dignified preacher—the two characteristics do not often concur—not very long since rather astonished a tidy London congregation by some such language as this (we quote from memory):—“Perhaps, however,

the worst stage of the spiritual life is after the house is swept and garnished—when the devil of sensuality, or riot, is driven out, or rather retires from exhaustion, and the seven-fold devil of respectability enters in; and the last state of that man is worse than the first.” Respectability has had a rude shock within the last week. Its temple in the Strand has collapsed—the Dagon of decencies and proprieties lies a very mutilated trunk, and the stump of him is as unseemly as that old stock in Ashdod. STRAHAN, PAUL, and BATES were a very triad of respectabilities. Wherever they went, they scattered a rich perfume of correctness and decorum—all the strictnesses waited upon their steps—the straitest sects quoted them, and, much to their cost, put their faith in them. One of this trustworthy firm held a synagogue of his own, and hired a Levite who was especially commissioned to teach the most starched sectarianism of which the Establishment, in its narrowest circle of proscription, is capable. The only mistake in the Banker Baronet’s religion was, that it was a thought too polemical. On one occasion, he was author of the famous jest which turned St. Barnabas into BARABBAS. Significant truth—the hierophant of Exeter Hall, like another high priest, prophesied unconsciously. “Now, BARABBAS was a robber,” and the name congenially suggested itself to Sir JOHN.

It is a misfortune to religion that it has its hypocrites; but we should think basely of religion, and we should do dishonour to its votaries, were we to judge of it or them by its whitened sepulchres. No religious profession can really suffer in such as Sir JOHN DEAN PAUL: but respectability may profitably take the lesson which public opinion reads in this most astounding revelation of the inner life of English commercial credit. This case, certain previous disclosures connected with fraudulent warrants, some rather notorious transactions in the discount market, and the adulteration-of-food discoveries, are not pleasant. The times and men are equally out of joint. Social confidence, it is not too much to say, reels under these blows, following so close upon each other. It is undeniable that respectability is seriously compromised. Retail dealers are, almost to a shop, under a cloud of suspicion. Manufacturers are nearly as seriously, because vaguely, involved in the general feeling of distrust. It seems as though what is called the system of credit were only a hollow fabric of deception—as if POPE’s generalization, “a tradesman meek and much a liar,” were not overdrawn. There is scarcely an article of the most ordinary consumption which is not adulterated and poisoned; and so far as the working of the system of banking and brokerage is shown in Basinghall Street and the Old Bailey, confidence between man and man is all but impossible in the present state of English business.

It is this feeling, we suppose, which has lent intensity to the hurricane of indignation which has visited those notorious culprits, STRAHAN, PAUL, and BATES. If the results of last Saturday’s trial are such as to make “respectable” dealers and chapmen, “the bankers, merchants, and tradesmen,” collectively and individually, review their habits of business, their six days’ life and conversation, the morality of the counter, and the ethics of the counting-office, we shall have no reason to regret it. But is this a solitary case? We fear rather that it is a typical one. It shows up a class; and hence, perhaps, something of the pious indignation it has excited in the City. The Bankruptcy Court has before this told ugly tales of first-rate mercantile houses which have been insolvent for the best part of a century; and we have more than once been reminded how long and how successfully, under the modern system of credit, a clever swindler, backed by the *prestige* of an old house, can live upon the property and misplaced confidence of its clients. What can be said of the conduct of the great dodecarchy of brewers in conniving at the universal adulteration—that is, the wholesale robbery—so notoriously practised in public-houses, which, almost without exception, are “brewers’ houses?” What of the complicity of the Manchester warehousemen in the recurring insolvencies and forced sales, actually under prime cost, of linendrapers’ and haberdashers’ stocks? What of the public morality of a system of trade in which these things are normal? It is not the gravity of the offence committed by the Strand bankers, so much as the picture of commerce which it illustrates rather than exaggerates, which renders this case so impressive.

It is at least satisfactory that public opinion stamps so emphatic an approval on the sentence passed on these criminals. No morbid sensibility has as yet yelped its

small whine of condolence. We do not, as in FAUNTLEROY's case, find the culprit exalted into the hero of the day. For ourselves, we are only disposed to regret that the punishment, heavy as it is, is after all so slight in proportion to the offence. Heavier of course—though greater in sound than in fact—is the award of fourteen years' transportation to the baronet and his partners, than to the unlettered and ignorant savage whose whole course has been only a series of exchanges from Jacob's Island and the Mint to Newgate and Pentonville. But heavier it ought to be, simply because the offence to society is greater. The exchange from Gloucestershire parks and pineries to Portland, Gibraltar, or Bermuda—from the pleasant glades of Nutfield to prison-fare, prison-dress, and prison-labour—is, after all, too little, as compared with the offence. And much as we may and must sympathize with the wives and families of the delinquents, yet, on the other hand, we cannot forget the widows and orphans of the poor officers who are ruined by the bursting of the navy agency bubble, carried on by the Strand bankers under the firm of Halford and Co.

Nor are we disposed to draw those distinctions which are, in some few quarters, urged in favour of Mr. STRAHAN. True it is that he has lost a large fortune in the bank; but he must either have known that for many years the concern was insolvent, or he ought to have made himself acquainted with its condition and its modes of doing business. Of still less force is the mitigation pleaded at the trial, that the insolvency of the bank was to be attributed to the advances—amounting, as is pretended, to the considerable sum of £300,000—to a firm not previously unknown in Basinghall Street. Unless we have forgotten the antecedents of these "debtors" to the Strand Bank, this alleged apology only enhances the guilt of Sir JOHN DEAN PAUL and his partners. If they knew the character of those whom they were thus supplying with capital, they were only gamblers of the same class; and the very fact of "doing business" to this fabulous amount with a concern so notorious was in itself a breach of trust to every customer of their bank. There is not a single mitigating feature in this dreadful case; and we trust that its significance will not be lost on what are impudently called the monied interests, or on English trade in general.

THE COMPLETION OF THE PALACE OF WESTMINSTER.

THE House of Commons has, as many of our readers are probably aware, printed Sir Charles Barry's grandiose scheme for completing the Palace of Westminster, embodied in a very clear and concise report from the lamented Sir William Molesworth, and copiously illustrated with elevations and plans. And, having adopted this course, the House has adjourned the order for proceeding with the work, until at least existing engagements are fulfilled. The scheme has lately been made the subject of a critique and of a counter-proposal by a daily contemporary; and thus the subject is fairly launched upon the sea of public discussion, where it ought to rest awhile, before the almost irretrievable step is taken of giving any final order. For our own part, we neither entirely agree with Sir Charles Barry, nor with our contemporary's proposed emendations, while there are points in the arguments on both sides which we should desire to see prevail.

Sir Charles's scheme comprises, first, the demolition of the existing block of houses on the south side of Bridge-street. In this first step all parties concur. The purchase-money of the property is reckoned at 170,000*l.* He then proposes to cover both the site so obtained, and a strip running north and south from the corner of Bridge-street to St. Stephen's porch—now partly unoccupied, and partly cumbered by the unsightly façade of the Law Courts—with a magnificent extension of the palatial structure. The striking feature in this new mass will be the great public entrance to the freshly enclosed New Palace-yard—balancing, so to speak, the royal entrance at Victoria Tower, as the other main access to the whole pile. In the treatment of this the architect has shown great ability. Its site is a gigantic *pan déoupé*, cut off at the corner of Bridge and St. Margaret streets, facing north-west. On this spot he proposes a huge gateway, with bold angle turrets, and a magnificently steep pyramidal roof, resembling the most picturesque features of an old French chateau, or of a Flemish *hôtel de ville*. Along St. Margaret-street the building is to possess the advantage of offering a covered cloister for foot-passengers, and at its southern extremity it will recede obliquely in order to join St. Stephen's porch. What our contemporary proposes in lieu of these structures we shall soon see; but we must *in limine* protest against the unfair argument deduced against the proposal from the designer having left the destination of the new building rather vague. The public service is sure, day by day, to want more and more accommodation; and Sir Charles Barry offers a plan intended to combine that inevitable addition of accommodation with a great

increase of beauty and grandeur to an existing building. Wisely, however, he refrains from usurping the functions of the Executive and dictating to future years the precise employment of apartments not yet built, nor even ordered. The estimated cost of this addition, and of some other works which we shall discuss presently, is 278,285*l.* The prominent internal feature of the doubly "New" Palace-yard will, of course, be Westminster Hall; and Sir Charles proposes to give it additional dignity by raising the roof, at an expenditure of 250,000*l.* Against this suggestion our contemporary protests, and we cordially second the protest. Nothing but overpowering necessity should ever induce us to think of *denaturalizing* so venerable a national heirloom as Westminster Hall. Sir Charles has already gone as far in that direction as could be safely allowed—further than many persons approved—in removing the whole original south end of the Hall, and changing it from an apartment into a vestibule. The imperative requirements of his great plan, however, pleaded for the necessity of this proceeding. No such defence can be urged for the suggested raising of the roof. This step, following on the former one, would completely destroy the Westminster Hall of English history. And, as it is, it is most grand—amply grand enough, whether as old Westminster Hall or as the new vestibule to the new Palace of Westminster. Some restorations it certainly does require. The dormer windows, for instance, must be brought back into good pointed forms. But this would cost a trifling sum. The greater portion of this large estimate could then be cut off—a reduction which must augment the feasibility of the other very expensive but most desirable works.

We now pass to the south extremity of the Palace, opposite the Victoria Tower. Here is another block of houses between the Palace and the Record Office—*i.e.*, the Chapter-House of Westminster—one of the most beautiful Gothic buildings in the world, but now utterly, though not hopelessly, degraded and mutilated. These houses it is proposed to purchase and pull down, at a cost of 110,000*l.*, and to expand Old Palace-yard into a regular square, with a planted enclosure and a statue of her Majesty. All this we cordially approve, only querying as to the enclosure. We should be glad to see the experiment made, in one place in London, of the Continental plan of an open square, only dotted with single trees regularly disposed.

One more item of the proposal remains, upon which we are at issue both with Sir Charles Barry and with his critic. The former proposes to spend 45,000*l.* in buying a square plot of ground at the corner of Tothill-street to the north side, and then 23,000*l.* more in pulling down St. Margaret's church and rebuilding it upon this site—in all 68,000*l.* The plea for this project is that the church as it at present stands interferes with the grandeur of the open space in front of the Palace, and with the appearance of the Abbey. Our contemporary, on the contrary, urges the consideration of economy, pointing out the vast expense of the entire project; and he suggests, on the one hand, that we should abandon the Tothill-street purchase and rebuilding, and, on the other, the proposed extension of the entire Palace round the north and west sides of New Palace-yard. In lieu of this scheme he would build along the south side of Bridge-street the new St. Margaret's church—at a cost of 50,000*l.*, thus making it a very magnificent structure, no doubt, and creating a boundary on that side to New Palace-yard. This plan is defended, both on the score of appearance—from a plainer building being likely to prove effective as a counterpoise to the perpetual gorgeousness of the remaining edifice—and on the ground of the great saving it would afford in comparison with Sir Charles Barry's unamended proposition. Our contemporary's budget would be roughly this:—the purchases in New and Old Palace-yard, 280,000*l.*; the new church of St. Margaret, 50,000*l.* The amount of alterations which would be sanctioned are not mentioned, but we may reckon altogether from 400,000*l.* to 450,000*l.*, in place of the 650,000*l.* and more of the architect. At the same time, while urging the demolition of St. Margaret's church, our contemporary advocates the retention of its tower, as a feature in the architectural landscape, and a gauge by which to test the size of the Abbey.

Our suggestion is a more simple, and on this point a less expensive one, than either of those recapitulated. It is to leave St. Margaret's church where it is, and has been since Westminster Abbey itself existed, only spending a sufficient sum to restore the barbarized exterior to its legitimate condition of an ancient parish church of the age of pointed architecture, which has been adopted in the neighbouring Palace. A moderate outlay would do this, and would make the church, in detail as well as in site, a valuable addition to the whole group of buildings. An additional grant would carry out the needful ameliorations inside. Towards these two objects 8000*l.* might reasonably be allotted, or even 10,000*l.*, instead of the 68,000*l.* which Sir Charles Barry would demand; and the whole estimate would then be—purchases, 280,000*l.*; new buildings, 278,285*l.*; restoring St. Margaret's, 10,000*l.*; altogether 568,000*l.*, or a reduction of upwards of 80,000*l.* upon the two heads of St. Margaret's and Westminster Hall. Perhaps a still further reduction might advantageously be made in the new buildings—which, as the outflankers of the whole structure, could with perfect propriety be docked of somewhat of that exuberant richness of which we think, with our contemporary, there has been too indiscriminating an employment everywhere. Only in the corner gateway reduction must not be thought of, either in size

or elaboration. It would be all the more striking a feature if contrasted with greater plainness in the adjoining masses.

But it is not on the score of economy that we should, by pre-dilection, contend for the non-removal of St. Margaret's. Neither do we take up the ground that the proposal involves desecration, as the site would be left free, and as good a church provided close by. We assert that where it stands, it is—or rather would become if properly restored—a positive architectural gain, both to the Abbey and to the Palace. Gothic buildings were never intended to fringe large void spaces, still less to stand isolated in the centre of such areas, and so to be lost in the infinity of their own sites. Contrast, grouping, a graduated scale of accessory structures, are necessary to complete their artistic idea, and to give them due proportion. The laws of natural landscape—distances, aerial effects, and so on—apply to this, the pre-eminently picturesque style of architecture. Remove St. Margaret's, and both Abbey and Palace lose from the large area of the church-yard and gardens, and from the want of some smaller structure of analogous conception by which to measure them. The church, where it is, supplies that to perfection. Both Abbey and Palace look the larger for it, while, without it, they would but dwarf each other; and the very area before them gains an advantage by the position of St. Margaret's. It seems gigantic, because its central point is no mere obelisk, statue, or pillar, but a whole entire church, standing out boldly, detached on every side, harmonizing and enhancing the neighbouring monster piles. The argument that the church hides so much of the view, is so unartistic, so utterly prosaic, that we hardly know how to treat it. Of course it does; but, hiding partially to the eye, it enhances to the imagination, and gives scope to the idea of the infinite. The man who could gravely propose to pull it down on this account, should be prepared to urge the demolition of the arch of the Carrousel for similar reasons. The old architects of our cathedrals must be admitted to have been the best judges of their own effects, and they always took pains to fringe the large pile with such accessories. St. Margaret's itself would never have been left where it is—would never have been rebuilt late in the middle ages—if it had been considered an eye-sore. And of the truth of all that we have just been urging, our contemporary himself furnishes the best argument, in his proposal to leave the tower while the church is shifted; only, like many other half measures, the expedient would be sure to fail. The tower alone would indicate, but not fulfil, the artistic requirements which the church, tower and all, is adequate to meet.

As a thoroughly impartial, and very weighty evidence against the removal of the church, we may state that we have heard M. Viollet le Duc—confessedly the great master of Gothic architecture in France, where that architecture is so well understood—express himself most strongly and undoubtably against the demolition. His argument was the one which we ourselves uphold, and which our contemporary upholds in his half measure of keeping the tower—that the church is needed to give scale to the Abbey. The opinion of Mr. Scott, in England, is also worthy of the highest respect, and it is no secret that he is most decided in his disapproval of the proposed removal. Architect, too, as he is, of the restoration of Westminster Abbey, he would be the last person to advocate anything which would spoil that pile.

Our contemporary's scheme of a new St. Margaret's in Bridge-street, would give, no doubt, for such a price as is proposed, a very magnificent structure. But we doubt how far the building of so large a new Gothic church so near the old Abbey of Westminster would be acceptable. The proximity would of course theoretically augment the sumptuousness of the idea. But in practice we fear it would give an undesirable handle to all those powerful interests which are not peculiarly friendly either to the Abbey or to the parish church, at least in their actual use. Besides, as a question of feeling, many otherwise generous persons would ask, why so much was to be expended upon a new church, while the old one just by was left stuffed up with frightful and incongruous monuments? Art would be better advanced, they might with reason urge, by building a gallery for 10,000*l.* to hold the majority of the monuments—and then, if St. Margaret's must go, by spending the least sum possible in replacing it on the cheapest site—than in devoting 50,000*l.* to a rival Minster in Bridge-street, and then abandoning the Abbey to the insipid allegories and swaggering tog'd effigies which crowd and debase its most exquisite recesses.

Better than pulling down St. Margaret's and rebuilding it in Bridge-street, or in Tothill-street—better than obliterating Westminster Hall—would it be to spend some national money in restoring the Chapter-House of Westminster, an octagon chamber of exquisite proportions, and the purest detail, bearing a striking resemblance to the well-known Chapter-House at Salisbury, a print of which will suffice to give the general reader a full idea of what that at Westminster once was, and may again become. Independently of any ecclesiastical associations, this chamber has a unique parliamentary and national interest, as the place where the first House of Commons sat, and where that branch of the legislature continued for centuries to sit, till the concession, in the sixteenth century, of St. Stephen's Chapel. Now that St. Stephen's Chapel is gone, finally demolished by Sir Charles Barry himself in the course of his works, the Chapter-House is actually the only remaining place of the assemblage of the Commons of England, which is more than five years old. Accordingly it demands, we assert, to be included in the grand national art-

work of restoring the Palace of Westminster as the place of assembly of the legislature—a work which has been in progress for the last twenty years, not merely for the practical object of providing sufficient space for the business of the country, but to rear a magnificent historical monument of the taste and munificence of the British public of this generation. Its restoration will add immensely to the entire beauty of the whole vast British Capitol, by which word we imply the double pile of Westminster Abbey—the symbol of the *Regale*, as well as of religious obligation—and of Westminster Palace, the symbol of the people. The royal tombs have been declared worthy of restoration at the expense of the nation. Why not also the venerable *incunabula* of popular government?

Of course to effect this restoration well, it would be requisite to pull down two or three more houses in Old Palace Yard than Sir Charles now proposes. But the result would well repay the outlay, and indeed their removal seems necessary, even for what is contemplated at present. The bulk of the records now in the Chapter House would, of course, be moved to Fetter-lane. But if the Government kept the Chapter House in place of yielding it to the Chapter of Westminster, and if some specific destination were demanded for it, it might be retained as a depository of honour, open free of charge, for some few selected records of eminent rarity and curiosity, capable of separate exhibition, and worthy to be so exhibited for the public instruction and gratification. For example, it now contains the *Doomsday Book*, and the gorgeously illuminated treaty of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Both these might remain there, open, in glass cases, like some of the more precious manuscripts at the British Museum. The number could be easily augmented from this and other depositaries, due care being taken that the building should not be again choked up by its contents. Who can doubt the satisfaction with which the country would receive the proposal to restore a building so beautiful and so historical, and to devote it to the purposes of such a national museum, thrown gratuitously open?

Before we quit the subject, we must take the opportunity of throwing out a suggestion, which we are sure has only to be brought before those highest in station to secure a generous approval. The New Palace has been mainly carried out, and its grandest improvements elaborated, in the reign of our gracious Queen, and rightly therefore, the Victoria Tower, the main feature of the pile, bears her name. Still, the old houses were demolished, the competition took place, and the prize was adjudicated to Sir C. Barry for designs including the first draft of that very tower, in the reign of William IV. Should not this historical fact be commemorated, by assigning the name of that king to some portion of the building comprised in those original designs?

One last remark, ere we close. Let the south end of Bridge-street be rebuilt, as Sir Charles Barry, or even as our contemporary proposes, and then the re-building of its north side ought to be only a question of time. It would be monstrous to allow the approach to the new Westminster Bridge to be on one side a palace or cathedral, on the other, a collection of the meanest houses of the meanest days of English taste. And it must not only be rebuilt, but rebuilt in Gothic, to match the fronting pile. Who is to do it, is another question. In the meanwhile, the fact ought to be steadily kept in view, when the question arises where to find a site for some fresh public, or quasi-public buildings. There are many national objects requiring large and stately accommodation, which would be most conveniently provided for by the situation of a site near the Houses of Parliament.

Why not try a model lodging-house for legislators? A grand metropolitan hotel, upon the scale of the sumptuous Hôtel du Louvre just opened at Paris, will soon become a pressing desideratum. If placed on this spot, it would attract the custom of the numerous passing crowd of opulent folk whom private interests will retain in London, not to speak of the more patriotic calls which constantly bring up deputations on public questions. Members of Parliament, too, with or without their families, would often be glad of the resource. Its sitting-rooms would become the habitual locale of those conferences between members, deputations, and counsel, which are so often most inconveniently held in holes and corners of the Palace itself. Whoever is the owner of the north side of Bridge-street had better think seriously of this idea. It would complete the great national work; and it would assuredly pay its projectors, if started with common prudence and average intelligence.

THE PLURALITY OF WORLDS.*

(BY THE AUTHOR OF THE ESSAY.)

I SHOULD have thought that the reading public were by this time weary of the discussion on the *Plurality of Worlds*. But as the *Edinburgh Review* has manifested a different opinion, by inserting an Article on the subject in its recent number, I shall offer a few remarks upon some part of what is there said. So much is due to the cause of fair and temperate speculation on this subject, which I have tried to uphold. The replies to most of the Reviewer's objections to the Essay will occur readily to those who have read the Essay itself and its appendages; and therefore my present remarks will be few and brief.

* See the *Edinburgh Review*, Oct. 1855.

The Reviewer begins his discussion by attempting, at considerable length and with great pertinacity, to excite a prejudice against the Essayist, as written to support preconceived opinions. He accuses the Essayist of having this for his "avowed object" (pp. 441 and 456). Now, this assertion is entirely at variance both with the tenor and the words of what I do say. My avowed object was to oppose a preconceived opinion of other persons. The Reviewer quotes the Essayist's declaration that his views are "convictions which have grown gradually deeper through the effects of various trains of speculation;" and he paraphrases this to mean that they are "foregone conclusions." But evidently the Essayist's purpose was to say exactly the reverse of this—that they were *not* foregone conclusions, but convictions *gradually* arrived at—not by assumption, but by speculation—not by one arbitrary line of thought or reasoning, but by the combination and convergence of several. This appeared to me to be the kind of induction suitable to this subject. The Reviewer complains that the Essayist's notions are not "stages of inductive reasoning that lead of necessity to certain definite and invariable results"—which may be true; but certainly the Plurality of Worlds is not the definite and unavoidable result of any inductive reasoning, as the Reviewer is compelled to admit.

This determination at the outset to fasten upon the Essayist the charge of partiality, demolishes the Critic's own claim to impartiality, and deprives his opinion of all judicial character and weight. The Essayist has calmly and seriously propounded the difficulties of the doctrine of the Plurality of Worlds, and the reasonings which point the other way. The Reviewer passes by one of the most important parts of the subject, and charges the Essayist with partiality because he attends to it. The Reviewer says (p. 463), "If he had rested satisfied with the position that, in the present state of human knowledge, there is no direct physical proof of the planets and stars being inhabited worlds, and that, consequently, all who are inclined to hold opposite opinions, on religious or other grounds, are quite as much entitled to do so as the Pluralists to entertain their doctrines, there would have been scarcely any inclined to dispute the position with him." Now, this is mainly what the Essayist does. But why does not the Reviewer consider the question, whether there *are* religious grounds for believing the unique position of man? Not because he excludes religious arguments; for his main argument for the plurality of worlds is the ordinary theological one, that otherwise the planets and stars are wasted—an argument which the Essayist has fully discussed, in reasonings to which the critic has attempted no reply.

The Reviewer does indeed bestow seven lines (p. 463) on the doctrine that man is the special care of the Creator; which doctrine he rejects, on the ground of the Divine care bestowed on the sparrow and the lily of the fields—reference to Scripture which certainly will not prevent careful readers of Scripture from believing that man is the care of God in a special way. The Reviewer, however, seems rather to incline to the opinion that man is the care of God *less* specially than other creatures. He says, "In many particulars the instinctive creatures seem to have been more immediately the care of Providence than the rational one, to whom a wider licence of following his own desires has been allowed." Holding this view, it is no wonder that he and the Essayist differ in their conclusions.

The Reviewer quotes, with commendation (p. 460), a passage of the Essay, in which it is said that "a belief in the Divine government of other races of spiritual creatures besides the human race and in Divine ministrations committed to such beings, cannot be connected with our physical and astronomical views of the nature of the stars or the planets, without making a mixture altogether incongruous or incoherent—a mixture of what is natural and what is spiritual, adverse alike to sound religion and sound philosophy." And he tries to show that the Essayist violates this rule himself. This attempt at a retort is curiously made. The Essayist had said, "It is not wise to assert that angels or departed spirits live in Jupiter." The Critic replies, "You are therefore unwise in not admitting that some inhabitants live there." The caution against system-making is retorted as a precept against *not accepting systems when made*. The Essayist says, "Do not make hypotheses." The Reviewer thinks he is making an acute reply, when he says: "Therefore you must not *reject* my hypothesis."

There is, in the critique, a curious argument drawn from the doctrine of chances, the result of which is announced in italics, as if to the utter confusion of the Essayist, that *he is one thousand times more likely to be wrong than to be right* (p. 464). In general, arguments drawn from the mathematical doctrine of probabilities merely puzzle the common reader. He cannot assent to the result, but he cannot detect the fallacy, which is commonly introduced in the translation of the question into mathematical language. But in this case, the fallacy is very transparent and very amusing. It may be thus stated.

Suppose some extra-mundane calculating Genius to put his hand into the universe, as a man may put his hand into a bag of balls of unknown colour, black or white. The man puts his hand into the bag, and pulls out one black ball; and this makes it probable, the Reviewer says, that all the rest are black. And in like manner the Genius puts his hand into the universe, and pulls out what? A ball—the earth. Is this ball black or white? inhabited, or uninhabited? It is inhabited. Therefore it is pro-

bable that all the other balls also—suns, planets, satellites (query, planetoids and comets?)—are inhabited.

Such is the argument—what would be the answer? This Good, for the extra-mundane Genius—good for the calculating spirit, who is supposed to hit upon the earth by chance, out of all the bodies of the universe. But what has this to do with us men? Are we extra-mundane spirits? Do we get hold of the earth by chance? Can we take the earth as a specimen of planets in general? Whether it be a specimen of planets in general, is the question. We know that it is unlike the other planets in many respects. But we certainly cannot take it as a specimen of planets, because we get hold of it by chance. The earth was the only planet, the only body in the universe, which man, the inhabitant of earth, could get hold of, to begin his speculations from; and therefore any reasoning, however imposing in its mathematical aspect, which supposes that man might as easily have got hold of one planet, or one body, as another, is utterly baseless and beside the mark.

And now, after these general remarks, I will make a few replies to special objections. The Reviewer says:

To affirm that because man has occupied only an atom of time in the world's history, he only occupies an atom of space in the universe, is very much like what it would be to affirm that because France was for centuries without an Emperor, and then had one for a few years, therefore all the rest of the world is without an emperor.—p. 443.

To this, the reply is, that the one assertion (even if it were made, which it is not by the Essayist), would not be "very much like," nor at all like, the other; inasmuch as there is no resemblance between our knowledge of the nations of the earth, with their nature and history, and our ignorance of the other hypothetical nations of the universe and their nature, and even existence. The Reviewer adds:

If the greater part of the world's history were filled by subordinate and lower forms of organization, and the conditions of space had anything to do with time, then it would be probable that the greater part of space was also filled with similar rudimentary types.—p. 444.

This might be probable, if the conditions of light, heat, air, and other elements and materials were the same; but it is highly probable that they are not.

The Essayist argues from the short time that man has lived on the earth, compared with other animals; but, says the Reviewer, man may endure on the earth until the tables are turned upon his brute predecessors, as has been "very happily" pointed out.

Reply.—When we have reached this period, the argument will have its weight. In the meantime, the Essayist does not deem "very happy" the suggestion that this present world is to be eternal, which has been made.

The Essayist had argued from Sir John Herschel's account of the Magellanic clouds, and their unresolved nebulae. The Reviewer says that these objects may perhaps be resolvable if Lord Rosse's telescope be applied to them.

Reply.—When these objects have been further examined, it will be well to reason from the results actually attained. The Essayist has recommended such examination.

The Reviewer (p. 448) quotes from Captain Jacob the remark that the greater Magellanic cloud is certainly not approximately spherical. The conjecture that it was so was Sir John Herschel's. It is not essential to the argument. The important point is, that it is not probable that this "cloud" should be a very long column with its end turned exactly to the earth.

But, says the Reviewer, the Magellanic cloud *may be* such an arrangement, though we think it improbable. To assume, he argues, a group of planetoids, like that between Mars and Jupiter, or ring, like that of Saturn, would have been deemed rash and fantastical before they were seen.

Reply.—And would have *been* so. What is found to be true may be what would, as a guess, have been deemed rash and fantastical; but this is not a reason for believing rash and fantastical guesses. Again—

Lord Rosse has the best practical right of any living man to be admitted as an authority in this case, and he believes that, with sufficient optical power, all the nebulae of the sky would be converted into stars.—p. 450.

Reply.—It cannot be doubted that Lord Rosse would be most emphatic in his protest against settling an undiscovered point of astronomy by his *authority*, or by any authority. But Lord Rosse holds that some of the nebulae are probably as near as some of the nearest stars, which is precisely the point that the Magellanic clouds are adduced by the Essayist to prove.

The Reviewer gives (p. 453) Captain Jacob's scheme, in addition to Sir John Herschel's, to show how planets *may* revolve round double stars. But such schemes are of no value, so long as there is no evidence that *any* stars *have* planets revolving round them, which there is not.

In p. 453, the Reviewer argues, from the tenuity of nebulae, which the Essayist supposes, against their being visible at so great a distance. But he forgets their immense extent, which is a part of the same supposition, and removes the difficulty. And then the Reviewer proceeds to bolster up the assertion that the planets are all inhabited, by an accumulation of possibilities. Neptune *may* have specific heat to supply the defect of solar heat. Solar heat *may* have its effects modified by some other cause than the distance from the sun. The pupils of the eyes of the inhabitants of the planets *may* be larger than those of terrestrial creatures, and the like. And yet in the same page he condemns "a preconceived notion"! One cannot help asking, what

can be evidence of a "preconceived opinion,"—a "foregone conclusion"? if this collection of utterly arbitrary hypotheses be not.

In p. 459, he says there may be a little air in the hollows of the moon. I will give the great astronomer Bessel's remark on this suggestion:—"It has been said that the edge of the moon is set with high mountains, whose summits are surrounded by rarefied air, but in the valleys this rarefaction does not hold, and there the atmosphere is so dense that creatures may live in it quite comfortably. Instead of arguing in this way, men should have calculated. This I will do." He then proceeds to do it, assuming that mountains do border the moon, and that their height is 4000 toises—concessions, he says, beyond all that the advocates of an atmosphere can demand. The result of his calculations is, that at the true surface of the moon the height of the barometer would be less than one-tenth of an inch, and therefore there would be as near an approach to a vacuum as can be obtained by a good air-pump. It does not appear how such an atmosphere could add to the probability of lunar inhabitants.

Professor Hansen lately published a curious doctrine, founded on mathematical grounds, that the side of the moon next the earth is higher by about twenty-nine miles than the opposite hemisphere; and that therefore there may be deep waters and dense air on the other side of the lunar sphere. The Reviewer attempts (p. 460) to turn this doctrine to his purpose; and infers from it that the moon, instead of being uninhabited, may possibly be only "half in barren desolation, and half luxuriant and life-covered, its desolate hemisphere looking unvaryingly towards the earth, and its peopled one directed towards the skies out of which the terrestrial face never shines." This is a highly entertaining suggestion. It certainly argues an unwearying fondness for the inhabitants of the moon, to care for them when they so perversely keep out of our sight; but one cannot help forming conjectures and making inquiries concerning this half inhabited moon. Do enterprising lunarian travellers ever venture to this desolate side of their dwelling-place? Has any lunarian thus discovered that glorious luminary, the Earth, thirteen times as large as the sun? And if he has, must he not have been woefully perplexed (especially if he was a philosopher jealous of waste in the creation) to see this great luminary placed exactly in that single point of the universe in which it could not possibly be of use to his race?

The Reviewer indulges himself in some general remarks on the readiness of the Essayist to shift his ground:—

It seems (he says) as if water or ice in Jupiter were equally acceptable to the Essayist, . . . as if Mars would do just as well with saurians and iguanas without them—(p. 460).

The Essayist will of course answer, that if he does not know whether Jupiter is water or ice, if he cannot tell whether Mars has saurians or not, it would be wrong in him to pretend to know. He thinks it likely that Jupiter is mostly water or ice, from known mathematical measurements and received physical doctrines. He thinks that an extension of geological analogies suggests the possibility—and barely the possibility—of saurians in Mars. Very imperfect grounds of speculation these, it is granted; but better than no grounds—at least, if we are to speculate at all on such subjects. They are very doubtful probabilities: but there is no harm in dwelling upon them, if we take care to recollect that they are doubtful probabilities only. We thus obtain a probable view within certain wide limits—are we to be accused of shifting our ground, because we do not assert it within narrower limits? Is no such thing as imperfect knowledge, as alternative truth, to be recognised? And is not the balancing of alternatives, which in such cases is a duty, just what the Reviewer calls "shifting our ground"? The Essayist might add, that he fears he has proved that neither the Reviewer, nor his brother of the craft, whose "very happy" suggestions he adopts, are masters from whom he has reason to wish to take lessons in fairness and consistency of argument.

The Reviewer (p. 465) argues that air, light, and life, are inseparably connected—that wherever there is life, there must be light and air; and conversely, that wherever there is light and air, there must be life. This converse proposition is a mere assumption. Will the Reviewer apply it to the upper regions of our atmosphere?

In page 466, he sets about framing schemes of organization for the inhabitants of other planets, quite as fanciful as those in Fontenelle's *Pluralité des Mondes*. He tries to aid himself by a remark of Professor Owen, who has found, in the course of his osteological researches, "rudiments of supernumerary limbs beyond the two ordinary pairs, which have never been developed or matured in any existing terrestrial creature;" and he "hence infers the probable existence elsewhere of vertebral forms of animal life, in which these additional limbs are perfected and brought into full operation and activity."

The Essayist may well ask, upon this, how the "elsewhere" came into the conclusion? That rudiments occurring in one stage of the earth's history, are found developed in another stage here, is a curious and important result of geological research. If, from finding rudiments of additional limbs in the skeleton, it had been inferred that some *terrestrial* animals have had, or will have, such limbs, the inference would have been in accordance with what we know. But to infer that there are vertebrate animals with six limbs in Mars or Jupiter, when we have yet to find any ground for believing that bone or flesh exist there, is a

strange example of the "induction" which the Reviewer so repeatedly cries out for.

The Essayist had said that "one school of moral discipline, one theatre of moral action, one arena of moral contests for the highest prizes, is a sufficient centre of innumerable hosts of stars and planets." The Reviewer says (p. 468) that this passage lays the writer open to the retort, that though he may feel this, the Creator of all things has not felt so too. But this "retort" is wide of the mark. The Essayist does not say that the moral creation is all that the Creator has cared for; but that one race of moral and spiritual creatures is a worthy *centre* of the universe. Whether the Creator has felt so, is precisely the question at issue. If, by any of the ways of knowledge granted to man, we are led to believe that this is so, as many have thought and do think, the Essayist would direct the thoughts of his readers into such paths, through other fields of knowledge, that they may see the consistency and convergency of all the lines of truth.

And the attempt to obtain some knowledge of the structure of the universe by a dispassionate examination of the objects in it which are most remarkable, and which offer most hold for the grasp of reasoning, cannot be deprived of its value by the Critic crying out, as he does on every such occasion, "Oh, that is an exceptional case." Nor will any permanent effect be produced upon the opinions of mankind by the Reviewer asserting, over and over again, that the doctrine of the Plurality of Worlds, with all its novelty, its gigantic assumptions, its instability, and its difficulties, is the side of "common sense." This, and many other extreme abuses of the advantages of his position as an anonymous critic, the Essayist may safely leave to themselves.

NOTE.—In speaking of the progress of our knowledge of the earth's mass, the Reviewer has conveyed an erroneous notion, which he will, of course, regret, because it deprives an estimable English astronomer of his just fame. He says (p. 436) that Snell and Picard measured the earth, and adds: "Subsequently to this, Baily contrived a pair of scales that enabled him approximately to weigh the vast sphere." The reader who knows that Baily was a great French astronomer of the last age, and knows nothing of the process here described, would naturally collect from this statement that the work of "weighing" the earth—that is, of determining its density—was executed by Baily; instead of being, as it really was, one of the admirable labours of our own excellent Francis Baily, who died only in 1844.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.*

THE standard and test of truth which seems in these times to be accepted with the least shrinking as to consequences, is the ethnological one. Truth, it seems to be agreed, varies according to race, and the degrees of latitude become degrees of latitudianism. The isothermal lines regulate warmth or coldness in religion; and it appears to be assumed that honesty must die out where the orange lives, and that it is impossible to cultivate trade beyond the limits which nature assigns to the olive and the vine. Certainly, morality wears a very different aspect in Celt and Saxon respectively; and it is an indisputable fact that the ordinary English mind is as incapable of apprehending cookery as the French is of taking in cricket. This theory of all things human and divine saves a world of trouble and thought—it simply takes matters as they are, and makes the best or the worst of them. With equal impartiality, it leaves everybody to his own devices—all being alike right or alike wrong, right and wrong cease to be. The view is as convenient as it is complete.

Many writers of name and fame quietly adopt it. We have had of late ecclesiastical histories written upon the very theory that one sort of gospel suits, always has suited, and always will suit the Latins, and another the Teutonic race—just as of old the god of the mountains and the god of the plain were good for hill and dale respectively. In politics it is the same. Constitutionalism is the prerogative of the temperate zone, and tyranny, mild or full-flavoured, must be the daily cup of all who wear the livery of Ham. We are not, in this place, going to dispute the convenience or the exhaustiveness of this comprehensive estimate—we only adduce it and illustrate it by way of inquiring whether it is to be applied to art and manufactures, and whether the Great National and Universal Exhibitions which are becoming part of the social order of things are intended or calculated to illustrate or confute this ethnological standard of truth.

For, so far as we can see, with the experience of Hyde Park and the Champs Elysées before us—to say nothing of the little goes of Dublin and New York—this is the result, whether intentional or not. We mean that everybody seems driven to the conviction that there is a fatalism in art and manufacture as in everything else. Now that the Paris Exhibition is about to close, we may well ask ourselves what is the good of these great shows? Have they produced any large or permanent effects on production? What of those didactic purposes of which so much, and that so eloquently, was said, four years ago? A bazaar or a lecture-room, a studio or a lounge—which element has prevailed? We fear that we must face the unsatisfactory conclusion that, for all or most of the higher purposes which sanguine minds forecast for these national Exhibitions, an approximate if not a complete failure, must be acknowledged. We have learned from them just what we knew before—that mediævalism was mediævalism, the renaissance semi-classical, and that the art

* Exposition Universelle de 1855. Explication des Ouvrages, &c. &c. Paris: 1855.

of the nineteenth century is the *omnium gatherum* of every age, principle, and style.

Surely all this is very little; and are we to sit down with the conviction that art and manufacture are to have no principles, and that we are to go on for ever reviving this or that style, copying this or that period, emulating this or that master or celebrity? Are we to admit, as the Exhibitions of London and Paris seem to imply, that all that is left for European skill is to imitate now Lahore and now Tunis, Byzantium art or Cellini, Wren or Erwin of Steinbach? Is it true that one is as good as the other, provided that it is faithfully copied, and that all that remains for us is to endeavour to borrow the brains, eyes, and hearts of our predecessors, or of the barbarians of India and Africa? Is what we have called the ethnological colour of all human problems to be applied to material as well as to moral subject-matter? This is what appears to be regarded as the result of these universal exhibitions. They are viewed as the world's pattern-card rather than its lesson-book. Their possible function in teaching manufacturers and artisans what they have to unlearn and avoid has certainly not been carried out.

It is superfluous to compare the Paris Exhibition with that in Hyde Park. As far as points of real contrast go, there is absolutely no variety in them. We do not mean to complain that very often the old familiar objects reappear; but as regards taste and principles of production, we are exactly where we were. And much of this is to be attributed to the way in which the prizes were awarded in England. Not the slightest principle seems to have influenced the judges. They were either incapable or unwilling to enter into the philosophy of production—we had almost said, which is superfluous, that they had not grasped the morality of manufacture. They distributed their rewards just as the vulgar and uninstructed taste scattered its verbal criticisms. Here a cabinet was rewarded because it was neat, and there a velvet got a prize because all the ladies said it was a sweet pretty article. On one side, a carpet got a medal because its treatment was flat and geometrical; and with equal impartiality of ignorance, a curtain met with the same reward and great honour, because it consisted of bunches of flowers, grouped, shaded, and relieved, with the most vivid imitation of nature or wax. This was the judgment of the juries in 1851. It remains to be seen whether the Parisian judges are actuated by any larger principles; but that the French Exhibition is what it is, so far as principle goes—the prolongation and expansion of what Hyde Park was—we owe to our own distribution of rewards. If these exhibitions are ever to have any permanent or visible effects on manufacture, if they are to educate taste and to inculcate principles, the prizes must be awarded on some definite principle. Some leading and therefore exclusive view of art and manufacture must be adopted. It cannot be that mediæval and *cinque cento* productions are equally good, true, and genuine. If Manchester and Mulhausen are right, then Dacca and Tunis are wrong—both cannot be equally valuable as instructing the manufacturer, or equally legitimate. We are persuaded that the time has come when, in nearly all the innumerable objects displayed in these vast collections, the line might very easily be drawn between objects which deserve praise and those which call for censure,—in other words, that the criticism of the Great Exhibition can be conducted on principles comparatively simple. Judging from the run of newspaper criticisms which have appeared both in England and France, the French Exhibition has been viewed under the influence of either the vaguest eclecticism or the most shallow individualism. In scarcely a single quarter is it recognised that taste has laws as severe as those of logic or grammar, and that production and manufacture must submit to rules.

Such rules are surely capable of some enunciation. It would be difficult to specify a branch of manufacture in which a sufficient test of excellence or failure would not be found in trying whether in its construction it was truthful—whether in its ornamentation it sought to conceal or to beautify its construction—whether its raw material was or was not fairly avowed—whether its purpose, or what philosophers call its final cause, was patent and obvious. Here, then, is a test for manufactures as well as for art fabrics. Here is nature's law. Alike in man and in plant, in every realm and kingdom of creation, nature refers to this law, submits to it, glories in it. She develops, and works upon, and beautifies, and clothes the skeleton, but never hides it—in the most complex and delicate varieties of colour and ornament she never conceals the trunk of construction, but renders the end and aim of every organ conspicuous in those subtle varieties of form and hue which are always diverse but never capricious. In plain words, there is, or ought to be, in tables and chairs, and silks and satins, and pots and pans, and lockets and bracelets, and churches and houses, and glass and cotton—and of these things, for the most part, our great exhibitions are made up—such a common nature as Truth; and even persons very unskilled in details can see whether this is or is not present.

It is because, in the prizes awarded among ourselves in 1851, we observed so little attention paid by the juries to this standard of truthfulness as the gauge of excellence, that we attribute the main defects of the French Exhibition to our own neglect of this great principle. In Paris, as in London, there are productions exhibiting the most skilful intelligence and real feeling of art, and a genuine appreciation of the objects of manufacture, placed side by side with objects which, in construction and

ornament, violate every one of these conditions. Very often these contradictions meet in the same show-case, are sent from the same manufactory, and are even, as it seems, produced by the same hands. When this is the case—and too often this is the case—hope is at an end. And if this is to be perpetuated, these Great Exhibitions themselves will become rather a hindrance than a benefit to art. It may be that, if the architects of the Alhambra could have had recourse to the schools of ornament and design which preside over a Birmingham art factory, their own purity of taste would have been vivified in the contact. And so, unless some severity is exercised in judging of their multitudinous works of industry and art, it may be that these Exhibitions will only tend to increase the eclecticism of the age, and will only hasten the loss of every principle in the manufactures of Europe. It is in manufactures as in morals—the presence of evil unresisted and unprotected against is an injury and wrong committed on good. A single worthless or false piece of manufacture which gets a prize is a premium offered against a truthful one. We suppose that it is chimerical to expect it—but these Exhibitions, to be really useful, should not be opened till the prizes are assigned, and then, as is done in some instances at Marlborough House, the black chalk should be used as freely as the white marks of honour. In other words, the visitors should be taught what *not* to admire. Unless something of this sort is done, we must certainly abandon all hopes of realizing the higher value of these national exhibitions in an artistic and æsthetic view—as exhibitions, that is, of national or individual morality, as well as of empirical skill. As it is, the Exhibitions are not much more valuable than a large succession of shop windows. To the philosopher and student they are simply disappointing. As wholes—excluding, of course, mere machinery and raw materials—we have yet to learn that, as regards art, manufacture, and taste in design, the Great Exhibitions have fulfilled those high purposes which their sincere advocates anticipated for them four years ago. As in London, so in Paris, we still have one material imitating and travestying another—metal and stone doing the work of each other—cambric and east iron treated in the same way, and exhibiting the same sort of ornament—fabrics the weakest and toughest—undistinguished in their apparent volume and appliance—colour used with total ignorance of the laws of light—buttresses in Berlin wool, and pinnacles in point lace. With these results, and with these results rewarded, shall we say that the *Exposition Universelle* is a benefit to human intelligence, or the reverse?

REVIEWS.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE CRIMEA.*

THIS little volume has been called into existence by the circumstance of its author having engaged to deliver a lecture at a Literary Institute in Hertfordshire, and thinking, as was only natural, that some subject connected with the all-absorbing question of the day would be most suitable for his purpose. But we cannot consider that he acted wisely in taking a theme which spreads over so long a series of years. We are believers in the unities—not indeed in the sense of the French commentators on Aristotle, but we are quite satisfied that no book will ever be read with pleasure, the scenes of which fit by like the figures on the slides of a magic lantern, unconnected by any other link than that of simple succession. The Archdeacon seems, indeed, sensible of this unpromising quality of the material he has taken upon himself to handle:—

In the physical condition of the Crimea there is no harmony or uniformity, as I shall point out; in its history there is no continuous life. In the former, it resembles rather a collection of heterogeneous plants than a native woodland; in the latter, it suggests the idea of a heap of disconnected links, and not a continuous chain. The natives of opposite climates and habits have settled side by side in strange disharmony, the colonist or merchant decorating the coast with the refinements of southern luxuries, while behind him the Scythian or wandering Tartar has maintained his nomad habits, pitching his tent and pasturing his herds of sheep or horses in the outstretched steppe, as if he were hundreds of miles from the reach of civilized life. It is just the diversity that strikes the traveller now. He meets with the sweepings of nations. He sees a motley group of inhabitants from all surrounding countries, turbaned, fur-capped, hatted, or veiled; in robe, jacket, sheepskin, or coat, walking the same street; sometimes a picturesque Tartar town, with its mixed Byzantine and Chinese architecture, deep circular-headed windows, grey historic walls, tapering and decorated minaret, or its feudal and castellated fort, side by side with some miserable Russian modernism of a whitewashed town; all proclaiming the incongruous fate and varied fortunes that cling, like a Nemesis, to this interesting but unfortunate peninsula.

This description is true enough; but the want of "continuous life" arises simply from the Archdeacon having chosen to follow the example of Horace's cyclic poet, who began his account of the Trojan War with Leda's laying her egg. He might have found a unity in almost every one of the parts of the subject he has taken—in the commercial history (for instance) of the Greek colonies in the Black Sea—in the dynasty of the Bosporane kings—nay even in the fortunes of the poor semi-barbarous Tartars; but to complain of a want of inter-connexion between events which take place in the course of more than two thousand years, on an arbitrarily selected geographical area, is hardly more

* *An Historical Sketch of the Crimea.* By Anthony Grant, D.C.L., Archdeacon of St. Albans, &c. pp. iii. Bell and Daldy.

justifiable than to expect a community of subject in the books which stand on the same shelf in a circulating library. This unfortunate substitution of an *aggregate* for a *whole* renders the *Historical Sketch of the Crimea* little likely to obtain the circulation which the reputation of its author would otherwise secure for it. It is, in fact, not a sketch at all, but a string of heterogeneous beads strung on a chronological thread—a kind of composition which no amount of learning or eloquence of style will ever render acceptable.

The geographical introduction to the history is well and graphically written:—

The steppe, which occupies all the northern portion [of the Crimea] is a vast uncultivated plain, about 120 feet above the level of the sea, covered with luxuriant though coarse herbage, slightly undulating but not broken into hills, and destitute of trees. This Crimean steppe forms only a part of that continuous range of similar plain which reaches from Hungary, along the north of the Caspian Sea, through Independent Tartary, Tibet, and Mongolia, even to China, a distance of some 5000 miles. Countless herds of cattle roam over these noble pasture grounds, on which a calf born at the foot of the great Chinese wall might eat his way along, till he arrived at the banks of the Dniester, prepared to figure with advantage in the Odessa market. . . . All this is changed immediately you approach the mountainous range on the border of which you first meet the larger towns of Kara Su Bazaar, Simphropol, and Baktechi Serai. There the symptoms of civilized life, the exercise of trades, the cultivation of tobacco, flax, and garden produce appear, and the very features of the Tartar begin to disappear. The inhabitants are of a mixed race. But cross the mountains, and although one or two Tartar villages appear, still, with the changed climate and produce of the soil, the character of the Tartar is gone. He lives, indeed, in his hut, cut into the side of the ravine or hill, but he is out of his element. His blood is mixed with that of the Genoese or the Greek; he has lost his native freedom, and gained only an Italian cunning. In truth, immigrants from the South are the true occupants of this district. Here they have settled, and carried on their commercial enterprises, and, in the ravines, have cultivated the plants and fruits of the Mediterranean. Here, from age to age, they have erected their barrier against their northern barbarian neighbours. This is the true historical district, in which for the most part are gathered the relics and the records of past Greek or Italian dominion."

After this introduction, the Archdeacon proceeds to divide the history of the Crimea into—First, the Fabulous period; second, the Greek and Roman period; third, the Barbaric period; fourth, the Genoese period; fifth, the period of the Khans of Little Tartary. Of the first of these there is very little said; and it would have been much better had that little been nothing. Of course, in the preparation of a lecture for a country Institute, we have no right to demand any searching criticism of the authorities made use of; but for the reputation of Oxford we must protest against one of the most distinguished of her sons adopting in the lump, even when addressing the humblest mechanics' association, the absurd notions which have been passed on from hand to hand respecting the great epic poet of Hellas.

The associations connected with the name *Cimmerian* represent (says Archdeacon Grant) the ideas of horror and gloom with which the first Greeks invested their northern shores, which they deemed to touch on the regions of perpetual darkness and the gloomy realms of Erebus. Those ideas were caught from the great father of epic poetry,

"The blind old man from Chios' rocky isle,
Who incorporated in his immortal poems all the geography known in his day,
and whose description of this region is thus feebly translated by Pope:—

"There in a lonely land and gloomy cells,
The dusky nation of Cimmeria dwells;
The sun ne'er views the uncomfortable seats
Where radiant he advances or retreats.
Unhappy race! whom endless night invades,
Clouds the dull air, and wraps them round in shades."

Odys. xi. 14.

Whatever difficulty may attend the geography of Homer, there can be little doubt that the Crimea was before his mental eye when he described Cimmeria, the neighbouring cannibals, and the one-eyed monsters, the tradition of whose existence in Scythia was strong 500 years later, and finds its place in the narrative of the father of Greek history. From the Phoenician merchants, as they fled from these inhospitable coasts at the approach of winter, he heard of the tempests that swept over the sea, the impenetrable fogs, &c. &c. . . . From them, too, he heard of that land-locked bay which travellers identify with the little port of Balaklava, poetically called by the ancients, *Boreas antrum*, "the cave of Boreas," and which he thus depicted:—

"Within a long recess a bay there lies
Edged round with cliffs, high pointing to the skies;
The jutting shores that dwell on either side
Contract its mouth, and break the rushing tide.
Our eager sailors seize the fair retreat,
And bound within the port their crowded fleet;
For here retired the sinking billows sleep,
And smiling calmness silvers o'er the deep."—*Odys. x.*

The only instance in the whole of the Homeric poems in which any reference to Cimmeria occurs, is the one quoted above; but in that paper the Alexandrine scholars, Aristarchus and Crates, read *Kep̄sepios* instead of *Kim̄meriā*. And that this is the true reading is plain. The Cerberii are a mythical people, dwelling on the frontier of the infernal regions, to whom Ulysses resorts for the purpose of raising the shades of the dead. They appear again in *The Frogs* of Aristophanes, where Charon from his boat on the Styx, demands of Dionysius, who has hailed him:

τις τις ἀναπαυλας ικ κακῶν και πραγμάτων;
τις τις τὸ Αηθῆς πεδίον, ἡ' ε' ὄνον πόκας,
ἡ' ε' Κερβερίους, ἡ' ε' κορακας, ἡ' πτι Τάναφος;

The association of the idea of darkness with *Cimmeria* is subsequent in time to the identification of the *Cimbri* of the north of Europe with the *Cimmerii* of the south; and this identification was not thought of till centuries after the time of Homer, and even of Herodotus. But independently of these considerations, nothing is more improbable than that any Phoenician merchants

should ever have entered the Black Sea. From the very earliest notice we have of the existence of traffic there, we find it confined to Greeks; and the jealousy with which every encroachment upon their own domain was watched by these early navigators even exceeded the parallel suspiciousness of the Italian republics of the middle ages, to which the Archdeacon has himself called attention. As for the identification of Balaklava with the port of the Laestrygones—an idea which originated, we believe, with Dubois de Montpereux—it deserves to be put beside Fluellen's parallel of the Wye with the river of Macedonia, on the banks of which Alexander the Great was born. Both the one and the other are landlocked harbours with narrow entrances, and there the similarity ends.

In his account of the second period, Archdeacon Grant naturally takes occasion to speak of Leucon and his connexion with Athens, and of the fertility of the region from whence, as the student of Demosthenes is aware, nearly 60,000 quarters of wheat were annually sent to the Piraeus. It seems, however, an assumption to suppose that this corn was grown upon the line of coast between Kertch and Kaffa, which is now, and probably always was, a limestone steppe. It is very true that Strabo speaks of the whole of the plains of the Crimea as being extremely fertile, even to the producing a harvest of thirty times the seed sown. But at the same time we find that he speaks of the mountain valleys, which are, and always must have been, extremely fertile, as if they were unproductive; and perhaps the best way of reconciling the description he gives with the known character of the soil, is by regarding Leucon as the exporter, rather than the grower, of the corn which was so acceptable to the Athenians. Theodosia doubtless was, like Kaffa subsequently, an emporium for the corn grown on the shores of the Sea of Azoff, and even on the banks of the Don, and thus may have obtained a reputation for the growth of the cargoes of which it was merely the *entrepot*. Probably there are not a few Englishmen who would describe Stilton as celebrated for the production of cheese, although they would be indeed badly off if confined to the choice of such samples as are made there.

In the third, or Barbaric period, Dr. Grant traces the successive invasions of the Crimea by Goths and Huns. The description of the latter we subjoin:—

The terror inspired by these fresh hordes far surpassed what had been felt before at the Goths. It is enough to say that the Goths themselves trembled at them. Even to them they were utterly strange and monstrous. They were purely nomad or pastoral, dwelling in tents, wandering, like flights of locusts, wherever choice or hope allured them, clad in loose fur or sheepskin, and living on horseback. In appearance they were singularly hideous, with long head, tanned skin, narrow small eyes, flat nose, no beard, huge chest and shoulders, and dwarfed form; they were compared to uncouth animals walking awkwardly on their hind legs, and were regarded as some monstrous birth or portent of nature. They were warriors of the reddest hue, whose only object of worship was a sword fixed, blade upwards, in the ground, the symbol of the God of War, which was bathed periodically with the blood of human and other victims. Their daily habits corresponded with all this savagery. Their attachment to the horse was, as it still is of the Tartar tribes, their passion. The horse was their companion, defender, shelter, food, and victim. Their drink was mare's milk, and had been from the days of Homer. Their food was horseflesh; their tents were made of horsehair. The horse's tail was the trophy of victory, the standard of war, and the badge of authority. By his many or few tails the Pasha still calculates his rank; and they hang suspended from the canopy of the Sultan's throne, as the symbol of royalty.

The Goths retired before these more barbarous invaders, and found refuge for themselves in the mountain district. A rock, which still bears the name Man-gout Kalé (is not the true form Man goup-Kali?), contains in its name a record of the race to which it afforded a defence. To this same period Dr. Grant refers the caverns at Inkermann, with their cells, galleries, and chapels. The character of the artistic designs within them proves, he thinks, that they were the resort of persecuted Christians, or of monks, during the Byzantine period. No doubt they were the resort of these; but the facts which indicate this throw no light whatever upon the question of the original Troglodytes, the people by whom they were first excavated.

To Goths and Huns succeeded the Chazares, a tribe who had overspread the steppes between the Don and the Dnieper, and even extended south of the former as far as Derbend on the Caspian. Originally called in by the inhabitants of Kherson to aid them against the fury of their Emperor, Justinian II., they succeeded to his supremacy over the republic and its domain; and for nearly six centuries the name of Chazaria was, from them, applied to a great part of the peninsula. During this period the whole population of the Crimea is said to have been converted to Christianity by Cyril; but the effect was but transient. More than a century afterwards, however, the Church was enabled to boast of producing a renowned proselyte, to whom Dr. Grant somewhat liberally allows the title of the 'Solomon' and the 'Apostle' of Russia,—the Duke Vladimir. Solicited by Mahometans, Jews, and Christians, to join their several communions, he was induced, by the report which his ambassadors brought him of the splendour of the service in St. Sophia, to select the last. Like many other Pagan converts, however, he deferred receiving the rite of baptism; but it so happened that in the next year, while besieging Kherson, he received information from a monk named Anastasius of the position of the springs which supplied the town with water. On this he made a vow, that if, by cutting them off, he succeeded in taking the place, he would no longer delay to be baptized.

The fourth, or Genoese, period of the history of the Crimea was the time of its greatest prosperity. In the year 1070, the two

towns, Sudak and Kaffa, were founded by Greek adventurers; and two hundred years afterwards, settlements were made by Venice and Genoa, the one at the mouth of the Don, the other on the site of the ancient Theodosia. The rise of the latter was most rapid. The Genoese obtained from the Tartars the monopoly of salt and wheat, and, after many vicissitudes, succeeded not only in crushing their rivals, but in establishing, or rather re-establishing, after a suspension of more than a thousand years, a traffic with the East by way of Phasis and the Caspian Sea. In the middle of the fifteenth century, Kaffa was said to be equal in magnitude and superior in wealth to Constantinople; and although its conquest by Mahomet II, in 1475 went nigh to ruin it, yet its position was so favourable for the traffic of those days, that two centuries afterwards Chardin found in the bay more than four hundred ships.

After the settlement of the Turks in Constantinople, the Khans of the Crimea became feudal vassals of the Grand Porte, on the condition that the Khan should always be selected from among the descendants of Zinghi Khan, by whom the whole country had been overrun in the year 1237. Mengély Guerai, the first of these dependent sovereigns, is said to have introduced a large number of the Nogay Tartars, who wandered over the north of Taurida and the steppe between the Black Sea and the Caspian, into the Crimea to replenish the population. Be this as it may, the history of the peninsula, from this time to that of its conquest by Russia, contains nothing worthy of note, although some of the Khans were excellent specimens of the Oriental character. The life of the Tartars has always been one of chronic warfare, and it is not necessary to suppose ambition in Russia in order to account for her desire to be quit of such troublesome neighbours. The conquest, however, when it did at last take place, was marked with extreme cruelty and treachery. The campaigns of Munich and Lacy, in 1736 and 1737, were facilitated by the previous massacre of the Nogays of the mainland, and the policy of both the above-mentioned generals confessedly was to starve the population of the peninsula to death, by destroying all the products of the land. As usual, Russia gained a footing in the character of a protector. In 1770, a peace, which was on the point of being concluded with Turkey, was broken off because the Porte would not relax its claim to the feudal allegiance of the Khan of the Crimea. At last, in 1774, the treaty of Kutschuk Kainardji gave the ambitious Catherine all she wanted. Yenikale and Kinburn, the one commanding the entrance to the Sea of Azoff, the other that to the Liman of the Bug and Dnieper—were ceded to her, and the Khan of the Crimea obtained his independence; of which nine years afterwards he made use to place his authority in the hands of his patroness. The Crimea was overrun by the Russians, and in order to ensure its complete subjection, a large number of Armenians, Tartars, and Greek Christians were removed, chiefly to the northern coast of the Sea of Azoff and the mouth of the Don. Several years afterwards, Pallas found those of them who had not perished by destitution sighing in vain for permission to return to the pleasant land from whence they had been torn by the ruthless Suwaroff.

We cannot conclude this notice of Dr. Grant's little book without expressing the satisfaction we have felt at witnessing such an example set by a dignitary of the Church in promoting the cause of popular education. Undoubtedly, if the clergy are to preserve their influence with the people, they must no longer hold themselves aloof from institutions of the kind which called forth the *Historical Sketch of the Crimea*. And if the literary merits of this volume were far less than they are, the encouragement which the name and character of its author will afford to those who, in a more humble position, are endeavouring to do what he has done, would amply atone for all defects.

HEINRICH HEINE, POET AND HUMORIST.

HEINRICH HEINE commenced his literary career in the year 1821. He then published, under the title of *Youthful Sorrows*, the first series of those lyrical poems which compose the celebrated *Book of Songs* (*Buch der Lieder*), and four years later appeared the first portion of his *Scenes of Travel* (*Reisebilder*)—two productions which at once established his fame as the founder of a new school of German letters. The latter work, written in prose, with interludes and fragments of verse which have since been incorporated into the *Buch der Lieder*, is neither a romance nor a descriptive book of travels. It may rather be called a picture of the times in which it was written. The hopes and fears which then agitated the minds of men, the conflict of opinions, religious, moral, and political, which convulsed society, are, under many disguises, and with much circumlocution, the themes of which it treats. One of the chief aims of the scornful writer was to revile that spirit of patriotism which, while it roused the German people to throw off the yoke of France, had taught them, in resisting French dominion, to rebel also against French ideas and to repudiate the principles of the Revolution. When that national enthusiasm in Germany passed away with the causes that had engendered it, a profound melancholy seemed to settle upon the nation. It might in part have been produced by the reaction which naturally followed a period of such fierce and enduring excitement; but the influence of disappointed hope, leading to the relinquishment of long-cherished expectations, was plainly to be traced in the sullen lethargy of the people. The author of the *Reisebilder*

denounced both the hopes which had elated and the disappointment which now depressed his countrymen. Their follies are the object of his contemptuous satire; the glories of the Consulate and Empire kindle his wild declamation; and the Emperor, transfigured in the imagination of a poet, becomes the hero of revolutionary France—the rude inaugurator of a new era for men. But there is no subject too grave, no theme too light, for the supple pen of the brilliant writer. At one moment, he assaults and takes by storm the strongholds of antiquated opinion; at another, he describes with infinite humour a tavern-supper; and an English tourist, a schoolboy, a passing cloud, furnish him with food for merriment or reflection as he pursues his careless way. Into the province of Art the young Reformer entered with an audacity which astounded its sober and terrified guardians. Singing his wild "Ca Ira," he proceeded with revolutionary zeal to overturn the idols he there found enthroned. The romantic school, with its nasal twang, must depart; the maudlin worshippers of a canting sentimentalism must be thrust out; senseless forms, from which the spirit had long since fled, now get buried without any rites of sepulture; exact propriety and pompous gravity are dismissed with a laugh, and pedantry in all its sickly shapes must be banished from the national literature. Great was the dismay, and great also the indignation, produced by thefeat of the adventurous writer. His countrymen divided at once into two hostile parties, one of which saw with alarm and shame the attack made upon all that it had been taught to consider venerable, while the other, gazing with rapture on the havoc that had been done, hailed its author as the chief of a happy revolution in the history of literature and art.

But if opinions were divided on the merits of the *Reisebilder*, there was one general acclamation to extol the *Book of Songs*. Here was a mere youth writing lyrics with a freshness of diction and terseness of expression which would have done honour to the great Goethe himself, and with a grace of fancy which was peculiarly his own. Those who had been accustomed to look for the springs of poetry only in the artificial sentiments of rose-coloured romance, and to receive their inspiration in contemplating the characters and acts of heroes of fiction, were now taught that a true poet could discern spiritual beauty in the unsophisticated emotions of a rustic's heart, and could kindle with enthusiasm in singing of the deeds and destiny of his fellow-men. The *Book of Songs* was at once appropriated by the people, and it has ever since been rehearsed and sung by all the populations of Germany. It was appropriated by the people because the beauty of its inspirations was such as could be loved by the most unlettered, and understood by those who could give no reason for their admiration. Special culture, producing technical knowledge, is necessary to him who would thoroughly appreciate works of Art, and the delight felt by the contemplator of its noblest productions will generally be in exact proportion to his apprehension of the skill required to execute them. An ignorant lover of music may be pleased with a symphony by Mendelssohn, but his pleasure will be meagre compared with that of the student who can trace intricate harmony to the subtle combinations of the great master. There are, however, certain efforts of art which, dealing with some familiar occurrence, some vulgar scene or trite sentiment, present them perfect in truth as recognised by every eye, and perfect also in poetry as not recognised before by any eye but that of the artist; and to a large appreciation of these no knowledge is needed. The humour of Wilkie will tickle the soul of the unimaginative man who gravely played at "blind-man's-buff" in the house of his country-cousin last week; and the sober moralist, who yesterday rebuked, somewhat roughly, the little girl whom he took for an incorrigible liar, will melt to-day at the pathos of Wordsworth and weep over 'We are Seven.' The genius of Heine loves to busy itself with the actual world, and, combining the humour of Wilkie with the pathos of Wordsworth, has taught the simplest of his countrymen to be tender over the sorrows of a broken-hearted clown, and to make merry with the selfishness of "a generous man." Such poems as "Der arme Peter," "Der brave Mann," and many others in a similar style, have become national property, and it is to them that the *Book of Songs* owes its great popularity.

But if, as has been above indicated, the author of the *Book of Songs* showed, both in his selection and treatment of some subjects, that he possessed qualities in common with the gentle spirit of Wordsworth, he discovered a far closer affinity to the fierce, fretful soul of Byron. He had eagerly embraced, in common with the youth of his day, the principles of Ethics and Theology propounded by Hegel; and in the philosophy of the new school he had thought to find a theory of the universe which could raise him above all vexations of the spirit, and render him, as a demigod, superior to "the ills that flesh is heir to." His first contact with the world served to dispel the flattering delusion, and the bitterness of his disappointment vented itself in a passion of satirical invective which respected neither things human nor divine. The youth, who had sung with the tenderness of Wordsworth, now scoffed with the temerity of Voltaire, ridiculed with the savagery of Swift, and railed with the spleen of Byron. When the storm of his satire had somewhat abated, his writings became the expression of a soul that still doubted whether it should blandly smile or bitterly scoff at humanity. The fiendish element of sarcasm in the man was counteracted by his great human attribute of humour, and this in its turn was tempered by the gentle charities of a kindly imagination which saved its

possessor from genuine misanthropy. But from the day when his faith in the philosophy he loved was shaken, Heine ceased to be an earnest man, and the manifold inconsistencies of his life and writings have followed as a natural sequel upon the overthrow of all law in his moral being.

In the year 1830, being an exile from his own country, he took an active part in the political feuds of the day at Paris. He was of too liberal and enthusiastic a nature to feel sympathy with the advocates of reaction, and he lacked the firmness of character arising from sincerity of conviction, which would have led him boldly to declare for the revolutionary cause. While he avowed himself a Royalist, he wrote with the license of an insurrectionary chief. If he sometimes appeared as the earnest champion of Louis Philippe and Casimir Perier, he more frequently displayed himself as the incorrigible humorist, who ridiculed all parties and believed in the principles of none. To the true lover of liberty, who is ever the true hater of anarchy, the political career of Heine is a source at once of irritation and regret, and its history must touch with unaffected sorrow the soul of every true admirer of his rare genius.

In all his latter works he appears in a threefold character—as the tender imaginative poet, the fresh genial humorist, the snarling bitter cynic; and with mingled outbursts of pathos, merriment, and irony he astonishes and perplexes his countrymen. They turn to the volume named *Neue Gedichte*, and find poems which are conceived with the simplicity of thought befitting a child, and clothed in a purity of language not unbecoming the lips of a saint. They turn to *Deutschland, ein Winternärrchen*, and are assaulted by the boisterous humour of a schoolboy, and by the coarse sarcasm of a sceptic who jeers not at the things of this world alone. In *Romanzero*, his latest volume of poems, they find specimens of all his styles, and illustrations of all his inconsistencies. It is compounded of ballads and songs, which, in delicacy of conception and execution, rival the happiest efforts of his youth; of poems which prove that the flight of time has neither refined the coarseness nor extracted the sting of his satire; and of some passages in prose which could have been written only by the fantastic author of the *Reisebilder* and the *Salon*.

Those who admire with the largest and heartiest appreciation Heine's incomparable humour (a humour which has never been affected by the acutest torments of bodily disease, and which the approach of death itself is unable to subdue), cannot deny that he has frequently and grossly abused the faculty by perverting it to low and libellous purposes. Indeed, the wanton insults which he has heaped upon his countrymen, the unjustifiable personalities in which he has indulged, and the effrontery with which he has approached subjects the most sacred in the eyes of the vast majority of his fellow-beings, do give evidence of a certain moral turpitude in the man—out of which, however, as from a fetid soil, have grown those pure and perfect lilies of song with which he has adorned the literature of his native land. It is impossible not to condemn much that he has written; it is scarcely possible sufficiently to praise a great deal more; and while children and the purest of women love him for the simple beauty of his songs, many a man little given to the affection of purism abominates him for the scurrilous ribaldry of his satires. If his countrymen perplex themselves in endeavouring to spell the enigma of his character, it is perhaps because they make the attempt upon very false principles. Surely it is a vain labour to seek for consistency in the thoughts, and consecutive-ness in the acts, of the greatest humorist of the age; and the metaphysician, who is only intent on discovering the *Grund-idee*, or leading principle of a man's life, can scarcely hope to gauge the character of Heinrich Heine.

The dying poet lies paralysed, blind, and bedridden in an obscure lodging of the Rue d'Amsterdam at Paris. Speaking of his great physical suffering and distress, he pathetically says: "But do I indeed still exist! My body is gone so greatly to ruin, that there remains scarcely anything but the voice, and my bed reminds me of the sounding grave of Conjuror Merlin, which is situated in the wood of Brozeland, in Brittany, under lofty oaks, whose tops taper, like emerald flames, towards heaven. Oh! brother Merlin, I envy thee those trees, with their fresh breezes, for never a green leaf rustles about this mattress-grave of mine in Paris, where from morning to night I hear nothing but the rattle of wheels, the clatter of hammers, street-brawls, and the jingling of pianofortes." But amid the turmoil of the mighty city, sleep, the "balm of hurt minds" sometimes visits the dying poet, and then he dreams of happier days:—

I dreamt that I was young once more, and gaysome;
I saw the cottage on the high hill stand;
I raced along the well-known pathway, playsome,
Swift-racing with Ottilia, hand in hand.

How bravely is the little body fashioned!
Her deep blue eye, how fairy-like it shines!
She stands upon her small foot firmly stationed,
A form wherein with strength all grace combines.

Her cordial voice it sounds so frank and gracious,
Revealing all her soul, without eclipse;
And all she says is thoughtful and sagacious;
And like a pair of rosebuds are her lips.

It is not love upon my senses stealing—
My reason, undiseased, is at command;
Yet wondrously her Being thrills my Being;
And tremblingly I stoop and kiss her hand.

I think that at the last I culled a flower,
And gave it her, and then spake loud and free:
'Yea! be my wife, Ottilia, from this hour,
That I, like thee, may pure and happy be.'

What she replied I never may remember,
For suddenly I woke; and I lay here,
Once more the sick-man, who in this sick-chamber
Disconsolate has lain full many a year.

THE WAR PASSAGES IN "MAUD."

OUR readers will allow us to say a few words on these passages, regarded merely in a moral and poetical point of view, without the slightest reference to the present question of peace or war.

To the hero of *Maud* himself, indeed, the justice of the war is only a parenthesis between more real motives—

And as months ran on, and rumour of battle grew,
It is time, O passionate heart, said I,
(For I cleaved to a cause that I felt to be pure and true,)
It is time, O passionate heart and morbid eye,
That old hysterical mock-disease should die.

The relief of the passionate heart and morbid eye is his first object. What he wants is not a just and necessary war, but war in itself—war, as a cure, first, for the Mammonism of a nation which has still enough of the spiritual left in it to produce and honour a great poet, and secondly, for the hysterical mock-disease of a heart-broken and, one must add, guilty man.

To the glorification of war as a remedy for the cancer of peace, the common sense of the nation, even of the most warlike part of it, has answered, that war, though to be faced, and even to be accepted with enthusiasm, for other ends, is not to be incurred for this. The violent passions scarcely suspend, much less do they cure, the mean ones. Strahan, Paul, and Co. did not change their ways when we sat down before Sebastopol. Swindling, burglary, adulteration of food, wife-beating, are as rife as ever. To the common list of rogues you have to add those of commissioners and contractors. The poor are more ground than ever when taxes drain the charities, and bread is high. As for stock-jobbing, which drove the father of the hero to suicide, and the hero himself to misanthropy, war is the element in which it revels. The heart of the *bulls* does not "beat with the same desire" as that of the *bears*, nor does the heart of the Opposition beat with the same desire as that of the Government, unless it be desire of the same places.

People have felt also that the moral blister of war is rather partially applied. We do not, like the nations of antiquity to whom *Tyrtaeus* sung, literally *go to war*. We send our hired soldiers to attack a nation which may not be in need of the same regimen as ourselves. To most of us, the self-sacrifice involved in war with an enemy who cannot get at us consists in paying rather more taxes. Mr. Tennyson paints himself, in the Lines to the Rev. F. D. Maurice, sitting with his friend in a charming cottage in the Isle of Wight, and chatting of the war over his wine, while the men-of-war sailing outwards lend another charm to the beautiful sea view. This blister is not very severe, and therefore it cannot be very efficacious.

That which, however, has rather escaped notice is the consonance between the two passages—that in which war is called in to cure the vices of a nation, and that in which it is called in to cure a broken heart—and the connexion of both with the general philosophy of Mr. Tennyson's poems. In both cases, an external sensation—and that a sensation to be obtained at a terrible cost to others—is sought where an internal effort is the obvious and the true cure. Let the nation commence the work of self-reform; let it choose better rulers, make better laws, transport swindlers, institute a strict medical police. Let the hero who has compromised a woman's character by his selfishness, and killed her brother, try a more natural mode of regaining peace of mind than that of shedding more blood and inflicting more misery on the world. This is the better course—it is also the more poetical. To wage "war with a thousand battles and shaking a hundred thrones," in order to cure a hypochondriac and get rid of the chicory in coffee, is a bathos.

To rely on external sensations instead of internal efforts for a moral cure, is natural to that character which, whether dramatically or otherwise, is presented to us throughout Mr. Tennyson's poems—sometimes directly as in *Maud* and *Locksley Hall*, everywhere as the medium through which the world is viewed. It is the character of a man of high intellect and exquisite sensibility, keenly alive to all impressions, but wanting in the power of action and active sympathies, dependent on the world without him for happiness, and cynical because it is not afforded. Not once throughout the poems is active life painted with real zest. Not once are we called to witness the happiness or the moral cures which result from self-exertion. Everywhere we feel the force of circumstances, nowhere the energy of free will. The meditated suicide in the *Two Voices* is arrested, not by an effort of reason or an act of faith, but by the sound of the church bells, and the sight of happy people going to church. Women seem to have no function but that of casting out the demon of hypochondria from the breast of the solitary, and relieving him of the melancholy which flows to him from all around him—from his home and history, from nature, from philosophy, from science. They

are the "counter-charms of space and hollow sky," without active life or interests of their own; we can scarcely think of them as wives, much less as daughters or as mothers. Marriage itself, though painted as the gate of virtue and happiness, seems to lead, not from melancholy listlessness into activity, but only from an unhappy dream into a happy one. We see the visionary and his wife in the *Miller's Daughter*, leading the life of lotus eaters. Even children would bore them. They have had one, which has died, and become a pensive reminiscence, adding the luxury of melancholy to their happy thoughts, as they sit at evening looking into each other's eyes, or wander out to see the sunset.

You may trace the hues of this character tinging everything in the poems. Even the Homeric Ulysses, the man of purpose and action, seeking with most definite aim to regain his own home and that of his companions, becomes a "hungry heart," roaming aimlessly to "lands beyond the sunset," in the vain hope of being "washed down by the gulf to the Happy Isles," merely to relieve his *ennui*, and dragging his companions with him. We say he roams aimlessly—we should rather say, he intends to roam, but stands for ever a listless and melancholy figure on the shore. Even in *In Memoriam*, the deepest and most beautiful, in our opinion, of all Mr. Tennyson's works, we have the image of a mind abandoning itself to a noble but vain regret, without a thought of offering, by good action, the highest tribute to the beloved and lamented shade.

It is natural to such a character to be averse to the mental efforts which lead to conviction, as well as to the moral efforts which lead to action. He may be keenly alive to the picturesque in philosophy and theology as well as in nature. He may paint exquisitely all the phases of historical character as well as all the aspects of nature. He may draw knights-errant and saints as well as modern philosophers, though he will turn them all into still life, as he turns the flash of the cannon into "the blood-red blossom of war with a heart of fire." But his own philosophy is to leave that which is amiss in the world to unriddle itself by-and-by. Death, not reason, for him, keeps the keys of all the creeds. In politics he does not care whether it is aristocrat, democrat, or autocrat, so long as there is a strong man to save him from the necessity of performing the active duties of a citizen.

Such a character has in it some pure and noble elements. It is one for which, where all is imperfect, the world will often have reason to be grateful. It is one in which, when presented by Mr. Tennyson with all the luxury of melancholy and cynicism, every man of sensibility must feel a deep and even painful interest. We will not stop to ask whether the poems in which all the morbid tendencies and cravings of such men find their full indulgence do more to heal or increase the malady. But thus much must be clear to every man who has sense as well as sensibility, that this is not the right medium through which to view the world for serious purposes—that it is not to satisfy the cravings of such a character that we can rightly bring war upon mankind. The only right judge in such questions is a mind which decides by the rule of active duty and practical religion.

We do not for a moment charge the author of *Maud* with inhumanity, though he speaks somewhat lightly of "the heart of the citizen hissing on his hearthstone;" and there are other passages in the poem which show that he is endowed not only with the "love of love," but also with the "hate of hate" and the "scorn of scorn." He has too much sense and solidity of intellect not to know that the manhood of a poet, if it is a little compromised by the softness of his calling, must be redeemed, not by talking lightly of blood, but by true tenderness, self-control, obedience to the moral law, and fidelity to the end of his mission, such as lent heroism to the soft and, in some respects, weak nature of Wordsworth. A painful impression has been created in the minds of some readers by that which appears to be blood-thirstiness, because it is unconnected with any general activity of political or social aspirations. In Milton, Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth, a passionate cry for a just war would have seemed like the foam on the wave—in Mr. Tennyson it seems a little like the foam without the wave.

In rejecting the author of *Maud* as a practical adviser, let us render full, though superfluous, homage to his poetical powers. Only on the theory that a moral purpose is indispensable to poetry, can it be denied that he is one of the greatest of poets. His works are perhaps the most exquisite intellectual luxury the world ever enjoyed. His cynicism completes their exquisiteness; for the supreme luxury of an age like ours is a cynic. Only let us protest against any attempt to bring all poetry under the Tennysonian yoke. To say that we will accept no verses which are not as exquisitely elaborated as his, would be to shut the door against a great deal of enjoyment. There was a poet dear to the heart of antiquity, who sang

Inter arma
Sive jactatam religatudo
Littore navim.

Let such poets sing still, though they may not even have the leisure, to say nothing of the power, to contrive the exquisite harmonies, and distil the luscious language, which charm and almost overpower the sense in reading *Maud*, but which still leave us to wish for something nearer as well as more bracing to the heart.

MEMOIRS OF JAMES GORDON BENNETT AND HIS TIMES.*

THIS is the biography of a scoundrel, written not in the simple phrase of the *Newgate Calendar*, nor with the humorous irony of *Jonathan Wild*, but in very much the sort of language which was employed towards Louis the Fourteenth by his literary courtiers. There are some persons who believe that the arts of flattery, as once practised, have died out of our modern society. We deny it; and we appeal to this book. Some one recently charged M. Eugene Sue with unfaithfulness to his democratic principles, because he had depicted one of his heroes bending with profound awe in the king's dressing-room at Versailles; and the novelist has replied with an elaborate essay, tending to show that the modern orator in the tribune, and the modern journalist at his desk, are exact reproductions of his kneeling hero. We agree partially with M. Sue, but we venture to suggest a closer counterpart in the correspondent anxious for a corner in a powerful newspaper. It may seem, at first sight, that there is nothing degrading in the stupendous eulogies which he addresses to a being so impersonal as an editor; and so we should have thought, if we had not seen a book proving the extraordinary ease with which the impersonal *New York Herald* is identified with the personality of its proprietor and conductor, James Gordon Bennett. These five hundred pages of frantic flattery, addressed to a mere unvarnished rogue who is not even dead, will be found on examination to consist nearly exclusively of the laudatory expressions ordinarily applied by correspondents to newspapers, and occasionally by newspapers to themselves. Mr. Bennett and the journal which he conducts are alike without representatives on this side of the Atlantic; but the very outrageousness of the case makes it surely all the more instructive.

Mr. Bennett's story is not unfaithfully told in this volume, but the style and spirit of the book make it about as difficult to get at the real incidents of his life as to collect the real character of Madame de Montespan's lover from the *Siecle de Louis Quatorze*. Let us endeavour to state the result of an attentive perusal. James Gordon Bennett is a Scotch adventurer, settled in New York. He was born of humble parents in Banffshire, and was educated a Roman Catholic; but in early youth he ran away from his home and his religion, and escaped to the United States. After several years of hard battling with want, he attached himself to the ultra-democratic section of the American Press, and obtained employment in the humblest capacities of journalism. During the period of his life which followed, he was much associated with a Mr. M. M. Noah, and many pages of the volume before us are devoted to an episodic sketch of that gentleman's character, the biographer appearing to think that a tribute of the most honourable mention is due to the master under whom Bennett learned the art of newspaper writing. Mr. Noah was the editor of a New York Radical journal, and he had, we are told, "a method of publicly calling on certain individuals to pay their debts,"—as thus, we suppose: "Old Slocum, of 21, Wall-street, why don't you pay those over-due English bills?" We can readily believe the biographer, that "this remarkable line of policy," pursued in a commercial city, "brought on several heads a series of calamities," but the sufferers seem to have been satisfactorily avenged on Mr. Noah, who ultimately went mad, assumed the "insignia of one of the monarchs of the Hebrews," and ruined his newspaper by proclaiming a rendezvous of the Israelitish race at "Grand Island, near Buffalo." The intimation that he studied under Mr. Noah prepares us for the grand step of Bennett's life. After betraying his associates (pp. 105, 106), and quarrelling with his party (p. 161) on the ground of their refusal to supply him with 2500 dollars—transactions which are here related with the most engaging simplicity—he founded the *New York Herald*, a newspaper which has probably caused more private discomfort, and done more to corrupt public taste and morality, than any publication which has seen the light within the century. It was originally the obscurest of papers, sold for a cent, and printed by stealth with other people's type (p. 186), but it opened a road to notoriety by the obscenities, profanities, and personalities which soon began to overflow its columns. The English *Age* and *Satirist*, a dim sense of whose naughty presence in this metropolis must have haunted the childhood of the generation now grown up, were but faint types of the original *New York Herald*; and the American newspaper would no doubt have had as short and subterranean a career as its filthy English conpeers, if the practical sense of Bennett (a quality as little to be denied him as his impudent profligacy) had not taught him to invest his print with other attractions beyond mere uncleanness. He had the wit to pay the most scrupulous attention to his general and commercial intelligence. The excellence of his news, particularly in regard to the money-market, became not unjustly celebrated, and supplied the mercantile public with a decent pretext for openly taking in a journal which otherwise could only have been purchased and read in secret. The *New York Herald*, though rigorously excluded from the home, became the favourite newspaper of the counting-house and the bar-room, where it was eagerly perused by the not inconsiderable class which, besides wishing to have accurate intelligence of the price of stocks, is not unwilling to have information concerning its neighbours, and its neighbours' wives.

* *Memoirs of James Gordon Bennett and his Times.* New York: Stricker and Townsend. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Co.

A certain amount of success having been thus achieved, Bennett was too acute not to perceive the impossibility of passing the point which he had gained, so long as his journal retained its fouler characteristics. About 1840, therefore, the *New York Herald* began to show comparative respect for decency, religion, and private character. The biographer accounts for the change in his own way. "Mr. Bennett," he says (p. 265), "was about to exchange his isolated life for the delights of wedlock, and it was his regard for the happiness of others that caused him to modify that style of expression which naturally enough offended cultivated minds." If this be true, it is much to be wished that Mr. Bennett had remained all his days a bachelor; for the mischief he has done since the reform of his style is, in our judgment, infinitely greater than any evil which could have resulted from outrages in the more contracted sphere to which his earlier peculiarities confined him. In an elaborate encomium on himself, which was written quite recently, and which his biographer quotes, he declares that "the dominant character of American journals is Bennettism;" nor is the praise quite undeserved; for this man has done sensible and perhaps irretrievable harm to the entire American Press. The expedient by which he acquired his influence for evil is not absolutely peculiar to himself; but, considering his known antecedents, its efficacy was never displayed to such amazing advantage. It consisted simply in "rising above party." Relinquishing obscenity, Mr. Bennett began to refrain systematically from consistency also. The old American parties, he argued, were rotten, and, though the *New York Herald* was constantly working with one or other of them, and exaggerating its worst extravagances, the association never excluded the chance of its changing its side at a moment's notice, as soon as its conductors discovered that popular feeling had shifted. Bennett's opponents cried out that this course was immoral. Bennett replied that morality was in the wrong, and he in the right. "Political morals," he wrote (p. 468), "are the bane of the country . . . they are the grave of honour and the charnel-house of integrity." His contemporaries reproached him with his impudent terrors; he answered, that public opinion had changed, and that his journal was but the mirror of public opinion; and then, to the tolerably obvious rejoinder that the instructor was not justified in deliberately reflecting the imbecilities of the instructed, his biographer replies for him in the following significant sentences: "A journal, to be great as a newspaper, must be with the people, and must work in the sphere of their instincts. It can gain nothing by advancing too rapidly. The moment that it holds its head above the masses, except as the mouthpiece of their best intelligence and wisdom — which is no more than what they are willing to have exist in society — it will become the organ of a clique of very good men, but their sanity will be questioned, and their engine will never secure an election, or any measure of great popular utility." The *New York Herald*, to do it justice, has influenced many an election; though still spoken of with a half-scorn, it has become a great power in the United States; it has added intensity to that tyranny of majorities which presses so harshly on American society; it has perceptibly lowered the tone of the American press, by tempting part of it to imitate its cynicism, and by repelling another part to an unwholesome affectation of earnestness; and it has grown into the most splendid literary property in the United States, second, indeed, to none in the world except the *London Times*. This account of James Gordon Bennett's career is confirmed throughout by his biography, though the reader would have some difficulty in tracing it through a world of fine writing, reminding one in turn of Dr. Johnson, Mr. Carlyle, and the penny-a-liners. The only incident for which we were not prepared is conveyed in the statement that Mr. Bennett blushed once, at Glasgow (p. 33). But that was in early youth. And, concerning this period of youth, Mr. Bennett himself rather puzzles us by exclaiming (p. 34), "Educated in the best and highest principles of morality, of virtue, of literature, of philosophy, my past life looks like a romance. Before I was twenty, I had wept the tears of joy over every consecrated spot in my own native land." Now, "before he was twenty," he ran away from the seats of philosophy and virtue to America; so that the biographer's view of his early years is probably the more correct, when, after reminding us that Byron's childhood was passed in Aberdeen, he observes that "the history of Byron must have had no little influence on young Bennett's mind, for he seems to have been not a little self-willed and froward." A passage, however, at p. 29 of this volume, agrees with Mr. Bennett in attributing the subsequent peculiarities of his character to the scenery of North Aberdeenshire:—

It is easy to imagine that any youth, fired by the traditions and histories of men, and contemplative in his disposition, would drink in the inspiration inseparable from such a home; and whether he stood in the great temple of nature, in the broad glare of the day's light, that gilds every object with golden fire, or at night in contemplation, beneath heaven's vault, beheld the stalactites of stars flash through the vast cave of night their variegated fires, reflected from the perpetual, distant torch of day, the associations with a locality so enriched, must have been valuable to an enthusiastic spirit.

These sentences are from the pen of the biographer, and we sincerely regret that the necessity for devoting the remainder of our space to a few specimens of Bennett's own style prevents our illustrating further the eloquence of his encomist. If any of our readers should possess himself of this strange book, we commend him to p. 47, where Bennett's departure from Wash-

ington on small provocation is introduced with the reflection that "the very static power of Nature herself can be overcome by the action of a single atom of dust thrown by the hand of man at her feet";—to p. 239, where Bennett weeps over a daisy;—to p. 240, where he moralizes over childish innocence in language of mature prurience;—to the apology for his impurities at p. 271;—and to the description of his personal appearance at pp. 87 and 356. We are told that Bennett is, "as it is vulgarly called, squint-eyed." This peculiarity is admirably brought out in the lithograph at the beginning of the volume. A countenance more eloquent of evil we do not remember to have seen.

Mr. Bennett, it seems, has essayed his hand at fiction and poetry, as well as severer composition. We have (p. 152) a sample of his manner as a romance-writer, in a tale published before his connexion with the *New York Herald*; but, besides that it is horribly indecent, it is too long for transfer to our columns. The following is a specimen of his poetical vein. His subject is the Boston State-House:—

the fires
Of sweet domestic bliss are burning bright—
The despot dares not touch them. The lofty hall,
Where freedom oft with legislation meets,
To measure justice out, high over all
Is seen; and here and there the busy street,
Peopled with myriads, arrest the passer-by—
These are thy blessings, blue-eyed Liberty!

Mr. Bennett, as a great political critic, is illustrated by many extracts from the articles of the *New York Herald*. Hear him in his more earnest strain:—

I had not reached the age of eighteen, before the light of nature—the intelligence of the age—the progress of truth and knowledge had broken to pieces all the ridiculous superstitions of the church of Rome, without affecting a single moral principle which I had received in the course of my early instruction. With the sacred document in my hand, and all history spread out before me, I would not submit to bigotry, either Catholic or Protestant, even at that early age. I went to the sources of true religion, and drank of the pure stream, uncontaminated by priest or prelate, parson or minister; and as long as we have these sacred volumes in full circulation here below, defiance may alike be set to the bigotry of Catholicity or of Protestantism. We care for neither. We are independent of all. *Like Luther—like Paul, we go on our own hook.*

The following, in a lighter style, exhibits, says the biographer, "that peculiar species of wit which, while it delights, contains within itself an idea like a sermon and a hint like an essay." We therefore give it entire:—

The impotency of the attacks which have been made upon General Jackson during the last three years by the Adams party, reminds us of an anecdote — "Mother," bawled out a great two-listed girl one day, "my toe itches!" "Well, scratch it, then." "I have; but it won't stay scratched!" "Mr. Clay, Mr. Clay" cries out two-fisted Uncle Toby. "Jackson's a-comin' — Jackson's a-comin'!" "Well, then," says Clay, "anti-tariff him in the Journal." "I have; but he won't stay anti-tariffed." "Mr. Clay, Mr. Clay," bawls out Alderman Binns, "the old farmer a-comin', a-comin'." "Well, then," says Harry, "coffin-hand-bill him." "I have," says Binns, "but he won't stay coffin-hand-billed." "Mr. Adams, Mr. Adams," says John H. Pleasants, "the hero's coming, actually coming." "Well, then," says Mr. Adams, "Burr him, and traitor him." "I have; but he won't stay buried or traitored." "Mr. Clay, Mr. Clay," says Charles Hammond, "Jackson is coming." "Well," says Clay, "prove him an adulterer and a negro-trader." "I have," says Charles, "but he won't stay an adulterer or a negro-trader." "Mr. Clay, Mr. Clay," bawls out the full Adams slandering chorus, "we have called Jackson a murderer, an adulterer, a traitor, an ignoramus, a fool, a crook-back, a pretender, and so forth; but he won't stay any of these names." "He won't," says Mr. Clay, "why, then, I shan't stay at Washington, that's all!"

The violence of this article is excused, pleads the biographer, by the indecent ferocity of some attacks on the memory of General Jackson's wife. Mrs. Jackson died during her husband's incumbency of the presidential office, and on this an opposition writer remarked, "*Felix, non tam claritate vite, quam opportunitate mortis!*" — "Words," exclaims the author of this book, "sufficiently disgusting, even in Latin." We presume that wherever he sees Latin, he smells filth.

But the most characteristic effusions of Mr. Bennett's pen were elicited by certain events which have a disagreeable prominence in his life. The truth is, that James Gordon Bennett has been more kicked than any man in America north of Mason and Dixon's line. The course taken on these occasions by the *New York Herald* could only have been imagined by its conductor. He did not prosecute his assailants, for no jury would have given him a verdict. He did not complain, for that would have allowed his adversaries a triumph. He did not observe a disdainful silence, for any assumption of dignity on his part would have been taken by the public as supremely ridiculous. His way was to insert in his newspaper a full and particular account of the assault, with jocular remarks on the damage he had suffered; and really the grotesque want of self-respect in these articles does approximate to something like humour. We ought to state that his most frequent assailant was Colonel Watson Webb, the proprietor of a well-known New York journal called the *Courier and Enquirer*. Bennett had been acquainted with this gentleman in former days, and having gained a knowledge of his personal peculiarities and habits, was enabled to annoy him with libels of unusual poignancy. Colonel Webb, however, seems to be the reverse of long-suffering, and out of five beatings selected for description in these pages, no less than three were inflicted by the military editor of the *Courier and Enquirer*.

The earliest assault was occasioned by a gentle insinuation in the *Herald* that Colonel Webb had been swindling on the Stock Exchange. Next day, Bennett wrote:—

I have to apologize to my kind readers for the want of my usual life to-day. Webb, of the *Courier*, met me yesterday in Wall-street, and by going

up behind me, cut a slash in my head about one and a half inch in length, and through the integuments of the skull. The fellow, no doubt, wanted to let out the never-failing supply of good humour and wit, which has created such a reputation for the *Herald*, and appropriate the contents to supply the emptiness of his own thick skull. He did not succeed, however, in riding me of my ideas, as he * * * * * He has not injured the skull. My ideas, in a few days, will flow as freshly as ever, and he will find it so to his cost.

A few months afterwards, Bennett was again beaten, and again published his commentary:—

As I was leisurely pursuing my business yesterday in Wall-street, collecting the information which is daily disseminated in the *Herald*, James Watson Webb came up to me, on the northern side of the street, said something which I could not hear distinctly, then pushed me down the stone steps, leading to one of the brokers' offices, and commenced fighting with a species of brutal and demoniac desperation characteristic of a fury.

My damage is a scratch, about three-quarters of an inch in length, on the third finger of the left hand, which I received from the iron railing I was forced against, and three buttons torn from my vest, which any tailor will re-instate for a sixpence. His loss is a rent from top to bottom of a very beautiful black coat, which cost the ruffian 40 dollars, and a blow in the face which may have knocked down his throat some of his infernal teeth, for anything I know. Balanced in my favour, 39 dollars 94.

As to intimidating me, or changing my course, the thing cannot be done. Neither Webb, nor any other man, shall, or can, intimidate me. I tell the honest truth in my paper, and leave the consequences to God. Could I leave them in better hands? I may be attacked, I may be assailed, I may be killed, I may be murdered, but I never will succumb. I never will abandon the cause of truth, morals, and virtue.

At a subsequent period, the bellicose Colonel got an affair of a different kind on his hands, and was imprisoned somewhere in Delaware for fighting a duel. On hearing this, Bennett ordered a box of cigars to be sent to him, but the Colonel naturally declined to receive them. Bennett accordingly wrote in his newspaper:—

We are surprised that Webb has insulted a box of one hundred of the very best cigars, by threatening to kick them into the street instead of smoking them. If he will apologize like a reinstated gentleman for that conduct, and smoke one of those cigars, as the Indian does the calumet, as an emblem of peace, we will go to Delaware and settle his business quietly, or throw a wet blanket over the length and breadth of that state that will bury it in a thick fog till the day of judgment come—on the 23rd of April, 1843, according to Prophet Miller.

We conclude our extracts from the *Life of James Gordon Bennett* with the biographer's criticism on the effusion just quoted:—

This certainly may be regarded as one of the prettiest specimens of wit and good humour known to the American press. The allusion to the 'calumet'—its association with the Indian's blanket, and the diminutive state of Delaware, and possibly with the Indians of that region, not then quite extinct, gracefully enough displayed the natural merriment of Mr. Bennett's disposition.

A LOST LOVE.*

MOST people are glad to be told that another good novel has come into the world. And few are ever sorry to hear in addition that the book is short. We can promise our readers that in the brief volume now before us, entitled *A Lost Love*, they will find a striking and original story, a work of genius and sensibility. The characteristic of the book is, that its scenes are drawn, not from the rose-coloured land of fiction, where all wounds are ultimately healed, and all desires, sooner or later, fulfilled; but from that tragic world in which destiny remains stern to the end, and which is only real life felt more deeply. A story is tragic, as distinguished from being merely painful, in proportion as it conveys a feeling that the sad and afflicting events grow, by a sort of necessity, out of the character and circumstances of the different persons; that no one is entirely and arbitrarily injured, but that there is some justice on both sides; and that even where there is wrong and suffering, it could not have been otherwise. This feeling pervades the present tale, and the writer exhibits throughout a sense of sad irony, dealing truly and powerfully with the mockery of human life, and playing off the contrast between the pettiness of the actual moment and the infinity of our imaginations—between the strength of desire and the impossibility of fulfilment. A story of this kind naturally affords a contribution to what must be called, for want of a better name, the Casuistry of Love. Once upon a time this science was much in vogue; and the Courts of Love which were convened in Provence from the twelfth to the fourteenth century, decided, by precedents and established principles, upon many an entanglement which, recurring now-a-days, would be left to the honour, the conscience, or the impulse of the individual. How far these decisions were a reality must be discussed by the antiquarian. But as long as youth retains its strength, and society its barriers—while passion continues to impel, and reason to warn—the casuistical difficulties of love will be always re-appearing. In the book before us, the problem is twofold. First, ought Georgina Sandon to have released James Erskine from his engagement on discovering that he was in love, and long had been, with Constance Everett, a more brilliant, though more superficial, woman than herself? Secondly, ought James Erskine to have accepted the sacrifice? On this issue perhaps much might be argued either way, but it would be arguing in the face of a foregone conclusion; for with respect to the characters of the tale, we feel, as surely as if we had known them alive, that they acted in the most natural way to themselves, and

under a sort of fatality of circumstances. This crisis is the centre-point of the book, and the art of the writer consists in the skilful way in which the train of events works to produce the entanglement. The "lost love" is Georgina's love for James Erskine, which we need not ask why she bestowed upon him so completely. His engagement with her was the result of a reactionary mood, in which he fancied himself slighted and rejected by Constance Everett. This reaction, disappointment, and false fancy, were partly caused and partly strengthened by the miscarriage of a letter. The finding of this letter just after the moment in which he has pledged his troth to Georgina, and her discovery of his relation to the young widow, Mrs. Everett, are the cause of the sacrifice to which we have above alluded. That the character of the heroine is noble and her history touching, need not further be specified. Nor would it be of much use to proceed with the dry analysis of a story, which, like life, is made up of successive little things that seem trifling and unimportant if viewed externally, but become full of meaning if you sympathize with the actors. It may suffice to give our readers a single specimen of the book, and we will choose an affecting description of the heroine after the crisis was overpast:—

So the time passed on, and Georgy's life began again to be a repetition of her former one. She sat at the window watching the sea and the sand-hills, until the image of both seemed stereotyped upon her brain, and she hated both. It was no doubt well for her that she could not indulge her solitary propensities, and did not live alone, unconstrained by any of those vulgar necessities of getting ready for dinner, answering questions, and the like. The time seemed very long, and she often thought with dismay, "that all through life she should be obliged every day to answer people." She regarded the faculty of speech in no other light than as entailing the necessity of constantly answering.

Turning now from the story to the author, it requires no great penetration to see that Ashford Owen is a *nom de guerre*, and that the writer is in reality a woman. All producers of fiction, except perhaps the few great masters of the art, naturally identify themselves with some one of their characters. It is obvious in the book before us, that the character of Georgina is written, so to speak, from the inside. Constance is made vivid and life-like, and is described, it must be said, with some little spitefulness. James Erskine is a shadowy being, of whom it is impossible to form a very distinct conception—the writer has never analysed him in the way that Georgina and Constance are analysed. He looms, as it were, through a nebulous halo, before the heart and imagination of the author, and while we see that he seemed great and loveable to the women of the tale, we do not know what sort of appearance he would have presented to men like ourselves. These little evidences—but far more the deep sense of reality which attaches to the bitter progress of the story—suggest the inference that the writer is in some sort of way Georgina Sandon, and that a true experience has given the basis on which fancy has built this tale. We say that, in some sort of way, the writer is herself the heroine, but beyond this we cannot go. The most impudent curiosity cannot penetrate, in cases like these, beyond the general sense of reality. You cannot say of this or that fact that it was literally true. Nothing is more fallacious than the attempt to turn into literal biography the fictions of writers. A great passion does not exactly reproduce itself in a work of art. It gives a stimulus to analogical imagination, it imparts a power of creating analogous situations, and writers feel a secret pleasure in a subtle sense of contrast—in describing what is not real, and yet like the reality—in playing themselves against what is not themselves. An instance of the discrepancy between the authoress and her heroine is afforded by the fact that, while the heroine is represented as unlettered, and of deficient education, and as striving after book-knowledge for James Erskine's sake, the authoress is evidently a person of considerable cultivation; and her acquaintance with foreign literature, and especially with the good sayings of French moralists, is a great source of ornament to her pages. This same fact would lead to the inference that the description of Grainsporne, the dull home of the heroine, with its cheerless and bookless parlour (in itself an admirable piece of painting), is due, not to reality, but to the analogical imagination.

The one-volume novel has its duties as well as its privileges. While it is allowed to be short, it ought to be very perfect. A single passage of a life may suffice to fill it; the story may be simple instead of complex. But, on the other hand, we expect to find in it a well-rounded work of art—by its very form it is calculated to invite criticism. The reader, having eagerly followed to the end the progress of the events and the passion, sits at last with the book in his hand, ready now to turn back, and calmly to review the relation of the parts to the whole. He asks whether there is nothing superfluous or deficient; whether the figures are all definite and well grouped, and their introduction justified by a sort of necessity; whether the story not only excites while it is being read, but afterwards leaves on the mind an impression of beauty, completeness, and repose; whether, in short, the book is written for permanence, and for a place in the national literature, or for a one year's notoriety in the circulating libraries. Coming with these high requisitions to Ashford Owen—for to make less than the highest requisitions would be but a poor compliment to a writer who displays so much genius—we cannot pretend to say that she entirely satisfies them. And, in the first place, it is to be remarked that in her preface, anticipating artistic criticism, she offers an apology for short-comings, which is by no means the true or appropriate

* *A Lost Love*. By Ashford Owen. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

apology. She relates of Benvenuto Cellini, that, in designing a vase or some other work, he would often be carried away by his attention to detail; that he would become engrossed by some subordinate figure or festoon, and would poetize and elaborate it so as to destroy the unity of the original conception:—

This anecdote (she proceeds) is a fitting preface to any book that does not say what it meant to express. If the pen has not betrayed the mind, this one was intended to illustrate the motto, “*C'est bien à l'amour qu'il en faut venir à toute époque, en toutes circonstances, en tout pays, tant qu'on veut chercher à comprendre pourquoi l'on vit, sans vouloir le demander à Dieu.*” If my book has not done this, it is from the incapacity which Benvenuto's failures have explained.

Now, in this apology, the writer deceives herself; for what could be said against her book is, not that the details are worked out with an enthusiasm and a poetry such as to overbalance the interest of the main story, but, on the contrary, that while the main story is clear and prominent, the accessory figures and events are worked out with so little enthusiasm, and so little care, that they remain almost uninteresting for the reader. Again, it is obvious that the authoress did not sit down to write with the intention of illustrating any general maxim or motto, but because she had had a deep single experience; because she was impelled to put out what she had felt and known in her own life; because, so to speak, she was necessitated to write down the sad and simple story of Georgina Sandon. To this main inspiration she is never unfaithful; all that concerns the heroine is earnest and real—marvellously exact and subtle, and very interesting. But of all the subordinate characters, it may be said that they are neither vivid nor interesting. The Lewises, the Everets, the Stanleys, the Lumsdens, make no impression on the mind—the reader does not like them, nor dislike them, but remains perfectly indifferent. Constance, indeed, and old Aunt Sparrow possess a superior individuality to the rest. The description of the one is tinged with the writer's pique—the other is portrayed with a sort of affection which also imparts itself in the reading. For it may be taken as an axiom that the interest of the reader will be in exact proportion to the enthusiasm of the author. And what we complain of in Ashford Owen is the very reverse of the error of Benvenuto—namely, that in *A Lost Love* we have a central interest, and nothing else; that all which is the least removed from a personal point of view falls almost flat. A second accusation which we have to bring is against the writing. To read through a novel for the sake of the story is one thing—it is another to wish to re-read it; to desire to give it a place among one's favourite books; and want of good writing would, in every case, render this impossible. Good writing is, perhaps, more especially difficult to a woman, whose imperfect knowledge of etymology, the ancient languages, and philosophy, may obscure her in her finer sense and exact import of words. But at all events we expect finished periods, and careful attention to grammar. It is unfortunate that almost every page of *A Lost Love* is marred by some carelessness of style. Deep and true remarks are often rendered ambiguous and obscure by an indistinctness of wording; and in the last lines of the book we take leave of our heroine in an ungrammatical expression, which the smallest care might have amended:—“We are all revenged some day; and she, if she had ever desired it, had found her now.” The occurrence of such blots as this, combined with the great merits which are displayed in the work, forces on us the conviction that the whole might with advantage be remodelled. An authoress who could write so well might also write much better. More care, art, and feeling expended on the subordinate groups in the picture would give scope for new invention, so that the work would be no merely mechanical one. The story itself is worth the development, and if justice were done to it in style and arrangement, it might be fit to live. We are not satisfied with the present external guise of the work. The printer has been unusually careless, and the heading of different pages seems out of taste. Of what use is it to inscribe, at the top of earnest and affecting scenes, titles like the following: “A Plain Question”; “An Offer again”; “Last Words”; “Counterparts”; “Reaction”? Tricks of this sort, traps to catch the eye, are, in the long run, useless. The authoress may be convinced that, in all future writing, she must place before herself the highest possible standard of excellence. We may safely assure her that it is worth her while to do so—for her works can scarcely fail to receive careful and impartial consideration.

NOTICE.

[The usual size of the SATURDAY REVIEW will be sixteen pages. The number of Advertisements which we have received has, however, induced us to give eight additional pages this week—a course which we shall always adopt under similar circumstances, or when a press of political or literary matter renders it desirable.]

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW

or

Politics, Literature, Science, and Art.

THE Prospectus of a New Periodical is usually, for most practical purposes, superfluous; for although it may appear less than respectful to the public, in those who ask its confidence, to make no professions at all, it is certain that a literary experiment can better describe itself by its performances than by its promises. The character of a Review or of a Newspaper is developed rather by its working than by any formal announcement of the anticipations or even the plans of its projectors. All, therefore, that the conductors of the SATURDAY REVIEW can at present do is to state certain principles of journalism which they desire to realize and embody in their new publication.

Their immediate motive in coming before the public is furnished by the impetus given to periodical literature by the repeal of the Newspaper Stamp Act. The object of that measure is to enable those who assume the responsibility of providing the public with accessible information, or instruction, to do so without the cumbersome and expensive machinery hitherto inseparable from a newspaper. What the recent Act has done is, however, not so much to make news and intelligence commercially speaking—cheaper, as to remove the restrictions and difficulties heretofore incidental to the publication of matter in a newspaper form. The Press has, by the late change in the law, acquired freedom rather than cheapness, and of the benefits of this change the writers and proprietors of the SATURDAY REVIEW desire to avail themselves. They do not come before the public as purveyors of news. The news market is more than sufficiently supplied. The Daily Journals, whether well or ill—whether or not, in some quarters, with enough of moral principle, or in others with adequate intellectual power—do undoubtedly give all readers enough of facts, and even more than enough of crude and ill-considered comments. With the Daily Newspaper Press the SATURDAY REVIEW therefore proposes to enter into no competition or rivalry.

And as regards the Weekly Newspaper Press, the SATURDAY REVIEW has marked out for itself a field of action very different from that covered by any existing publication. The Weekly Newspaper, whether sectional or general, aims at giving a digest of all the news of the week, together with comments in the shape of leading articles, which, from the nature of the case, must be few in number, and either partial or perfunctory in scope. What the SATURDAY REVIEW proposes is, to make its specialty consist in leading articles and other original matter. It will give no news whatever, except in the way of illustrative documents, and such facts as may be required to make its comments and criticism intelligible. It will assume in all its readers a sufficient acquaintance with the current history of the week, gathered from the daily journals. The SATURDAY REVIEW will therefore consist entirely of leading articles, reviews, comments, and criticisms on the various Parliamentary, Social, and Literary events and topics of the day. With such aims, the SATURDAY REVIEW will, it is hoped, be distinguished from a daily newspaper, possess opportunities for more measured statement and more deliberate thought, while its comparative frequency of publication will enable it to occupy a position in the way of direct and immediate usefulness, which periodicals published at the rare intervals of one month or three months, necessarily fail to maintain. And, as compared with the ordinary weekly newspaper, the SATURDAY REVIEW will be distinguished, as we have said, by consisting altogether of original matter.

In a word, the SATURDAY REVIEW desires to establish an independent position, neither rivaling its weekly, nor copying from its daily contemporaries. The *Revue des Deux Mondes*, published fortnightly, and with so much success, in Paris, may give some notion of our general purpose; though neither in the length of its papers nor in the scantiness of its politics is that able publication to be taken for our model.

The professions of public writers seldom receive much attention, and this, as we have intimated, is on many accounts reasonable. It were easy for the projectors of the SATURDAY REVIEW to profess, in the usual vague and conventional terms, impartiality and independence; but to say this, though true enough in their case, would be to say nothing, because in the existing state of politics and literature a hired writer is impossible, and the mere organ of party or class interests is never listened to except by his own party or class. Neither does the SATURDAY REVIEW affect that impartiality which consists in an indifference to all principles,—on the contrary, its writers, most of whom are known to each other, and none of whom are unpractised in periodical literature, have been thrown together by affinities naturally arising from common habits of thought, education, reflection, and social views. Yet they all claim independence of judgment, and in the SATURDAY REVIEW they hope to find an opportunity, within certain limits, for its exercise and expression. They will consequently address themselves to the educated mind of the country, and to serious, thoughtful men of all schools, classes, and principles, not so much in the spirit of party as in the more philosophic attitude of mutual counsel and friendly conflict of opinions. In politics, the SATURDAY REVIEW is independent both of individual statesmen and of worn-out political sections; in literature, science and art, its conductors are entirely free from the influence or dictation of pecuniary or any other connexions with trade, party, clique, or section. On subjects of political science, they desire, while respecting public opinion, at the same time to accompany and guide it by an independent and vigilant criticism in every department of current history and events, foreign and domestic, social and economical. Speaking generally, though quite aware that no single phrase can define what, after all, is best left undefined, the writers of the SATURDAY REVIEW claim to be regarded as advocates of liberal and independent opinions. In material and physical science, they hope to connect their Journal, as an organ of current information and discussion, with the chief scientific Societies, while in general literature and art they have no private interests to serve, nor any objects to further, save such as are indicated by a desire to maintain learning, refinement and scholarship in letters, and reality and purity in the fine arts. To the progress of foreign literature and art they hope to devote more space than English journalism has hitherto given to these important subjects.

The Editor and writers of the proposed SATURDAY REVIEW are aware that their aim is high, and consequently that their pretensions may be considered ambitious. For such an imputation they are, however, fully prepared. They desire to be judged by their Journal itself, rather than by professions which can but very inadequately describe their hopes and objects. They recognise to the full the serious obligations of all who, in these difficult times, seek to influence the thoughts of active and reflecting men; and they do not feel that it is a necessity of journalism, though it is too much its present character, either, on the one hand, to yield to the hasty judgment of first impressions, and to pander to ignorance and prejudice, or, on the other, to deny to public opinion its legitimate power. The mere fact that the SATURDAY REVIEW is contemplated is a sufficient proof that its conductors are scarcely satisfied with newspaper writing as it actually exists, either in its moral or in its critical aspects; but whether their periodical will prove a popular innovation or English journalism must depend on causes which they can only partially control. They appeal, however, with hope and confidence, to public support, assured that earnestness, sincerity, and independence of thought and conduct, can never plead in vain to the educated and reflective mind of this country.

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